

Monday May 4 1998

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# The Guardian

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Has there been a conspiracy to gag him?

## Judgment Day

G2 with European weather

Has Heather Rabbatts got what it takes?

## First lady of London

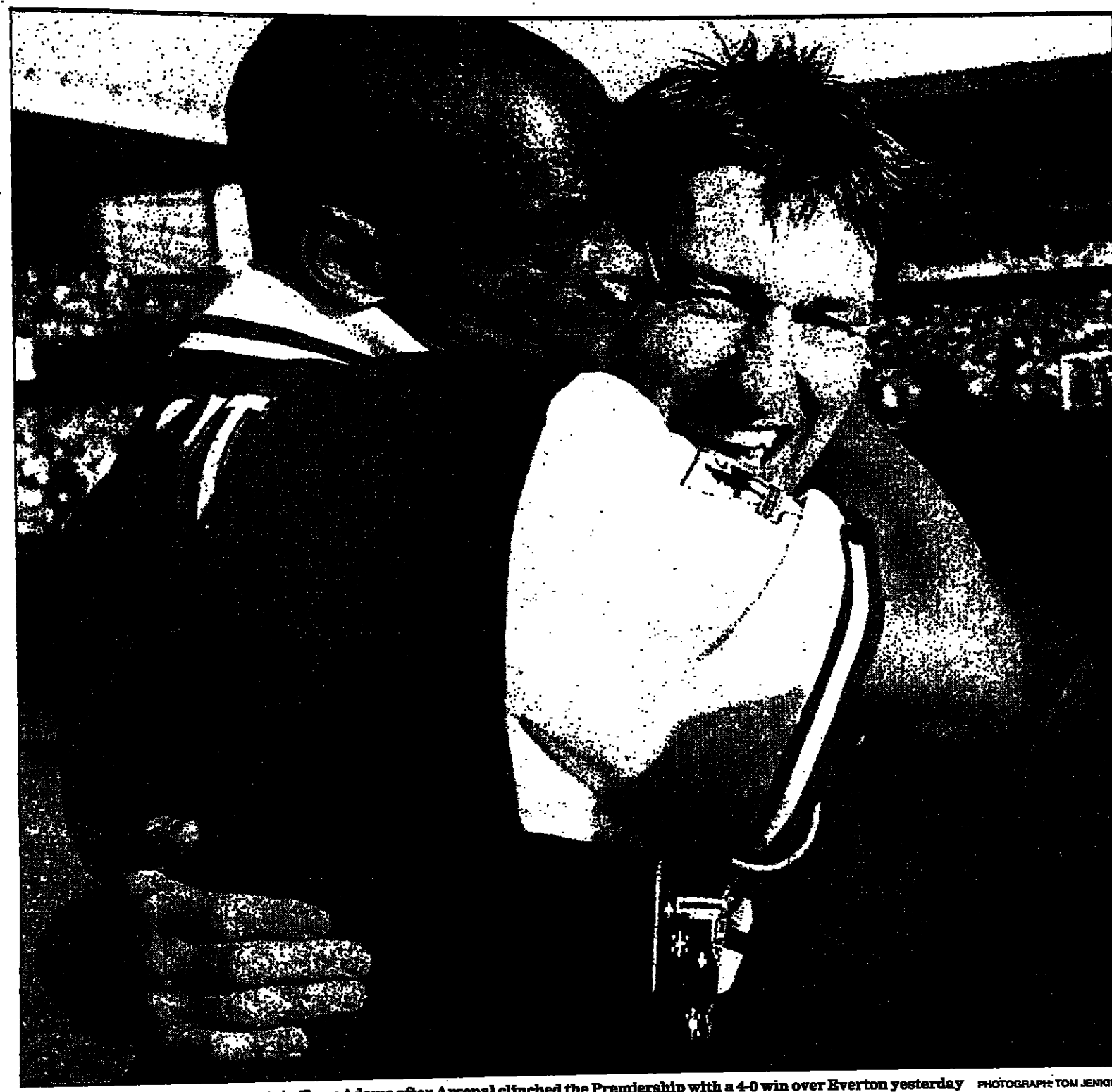
G2 pages 4-5

Women power

## Taking the top jobs

Media, G2 pages 10-11

Sealed with a kiss



Striker Ian Wright embraces captain Tony Adams after Arsenal clinched the Premiership with a 4-0 win over Everton yesterday

## Highbury throws a party for its champion heroes

Sue Quinn

At least a dozen of them had thrown themselves and their beer across the bonnet of the police car in utter jubilation, stopping it in its tracks, so even the cops inside had to smile. There was only one way to describe it. The place was going off.

In Highbury Park, outside the Highbury Barn pub, New Year's Eve and the Notting Hill Carnival had collided in a blur of red and white. Arsenal football fans were 20-deep on the road and cars crawling back from the ground not far away were doused with beer, jumped on and buried, but all those inside just bawled their horns to show their thumbs up as they celebrated yesterday's 4-0 victory over Everton that confirmed Arsenal as Premiership champions.

A van was lifted from the road in a combined show of might while the windows shook as hundreds of fans sang in unison: "Wembley, Wembley. We're the famous Arsenal and we're going to Wembley" — a reference to the club's next big day, the FA Cup Final against Newcastle United.

Flag-wavers dangled from the awning of the Master Cobbler, and someone peered from under the pulled down shutters of Jackson's Grocers to see if it was safe to come out. Men yelled "Champions, champions," raised their fists in the air and hugged each other while mates showered them with beer.

Inside the barn was destruction. Those who had not secured a ticket for the game had watched victory happen on the television screens inside. The floor crunched underfoot with smashed glasses, torn up newspapers, and red and white flags.

"This is just massive, just massive," said one glazed-eyed supporter who entered into the seething back bar head first to congratulate the team.

A large man who said his name was Biffa plonked himself down at a table

with a fistful of fish and chips and said: "This is the best day of my bloody life and as you can tell I'm as pissed as a fart."

"I just want to see the look on Alex Ferguson's face," he said, referring to the manager of title rivals Manchester United. "That will shut him right up." To prove his devotion Biffa rolled up the leg of his trouser to reveal a red-and-white tattoo of Biffa the Arsenal fan.

As the evening wore on fans continued to struggle back from the game unable to pass through the swelling crowd outside The Barn, confronted by a barrier of fists in the air.

Guardian Sport, page 16

## Euro faces threat to credibility

### Legal challenge to new currency

Martin Walker in Brussels

EUROPE'S new currency, the euro, faces a crisis of credibility after negotiations on the starting line-up were overshadowed by a bitter Franco-German row.

A summit-saving compromise in Brussels over the presidency of the powerful European Central Bank is facing the prospect of legal and political challenges, while currency markets are expected to express their doubts about the institution's credibility this week by selling euro-currencies for "safe haven" ones like sterling and the dollar.

A deal, hammered out early yesterday after 11 hours of fractious negotiation, gave the first eight-year stint as head of the ECB to the German-backed Dutch candidate, Wim Duisenberg, but only after he had agreed he would not serve the full term. The job will then go to a French candidate, Jean-Claude Trichet, on the insistence of President Jacques Chirac.

This arrangement has received widespread condemnation as a fudge which breaks the Maastricht treaty governing monetary union. Conservative MEPs are pledging a legal challenge and the European Parliament could throw out the agreement.

"I do not think we can take it absolutely for certain that the [European] Parliament will not throw the Duisenberg decision," said Graham Bishop, an adviser on monetary union at investment bank Salomon Smith Barney in London. "If the parliament refuses an endorsement, on the grounds that the treaty has been breached, it would be off to the constitutional courts everywhere."

Germany's chancellor, Helmut Kohl, said the negotiations had been among "the most difficult hours in my experience". He returned home to face a re-election campaign which will see him accused of surrendering the German mark to a currency born under French pressure.

"It makes me happy that France managed to gain an advantage," beamed Mr Chirac. "This was important not because of nationalism but because of realism."

A British official said: "We have ended up where we ought to be, but we shouldn't have taken so long. The presentation was the problem."

Instead of claiming that everyone had won after the usual summit sport of arm-twisting and last-minute compromise, the tense and tired leaders emerged still bickering, and with the EU's backbone of the Franco-German axis creaking with strain.

Naturally, they blamed Tony Blair, since Britain had chaired the summit as the holder of the EU presidency, and the Prime Minister had bowed to the French demand for a final ritual humiliation of the Dutch favourite.

Mr Duisenberg was required to appear at midnight before the 15 EU leaders to promise he would not serve his full eight-year term as the Maastricht treaty required, but would step down early "in view of my age".

"The deal is against the spirit of the treaty," the European Parliament president, José María Gil-Robles, said. "This is not good for the bank to be born like this."

Pauline Green, leader of the parliament's socialist group, condemned "the unacceptable shenanigans" at the summit.

"Ministers can fudge on the legality of the single market, but they cannot fudge on the reality of the money markets," Ms Green, Labour MEP for North London, said. "If what they have done ends up weakening the euro, then that is their responsibility."

British officials blamed Luxembourg for leaking, at 6pm on Saturday, that there was a deal, only to find at 7pm that Mr Kohl would not swallow it once he understood it.

British sources also blamed the French and Germans for assuring Downing Street last month that their agreement was stitched up. It became clear last week that neither Paris nor Bonn had thought the deal through, as the markets began grumbling about politicisation of the supposedly independent central bank.

Euro-deal blow, page 11



## Fashanu found hanged

John Duncan Sports Correspondent

JUSTIN FASHANU, the Barnard's boy who shot to fame as a £1 million striker and became Britain's only openly gay footballer, was found hanged in a shabby east London lock-up garage after US police charged him with sexually assaulting a 17-year-old boy.

Fashanu, who once complained of the narrow-mindedness of footballers and who fell out with his brother John over his homosexuality, was found on Saturday by a passer-by in a row of garages under a railway arch in Shoreditch, east London. A post-mortem was incon-

clusive and police are awaiting further reports on the cause of death. An inquest is likely to open within a week.

Fashanu, aged 37, died last week after a student claimed he had woken up to find the former footballer performing a sexual act on him. The student claimed he and five friends had been drinking at Fashanu's flat and he had fallen asleep on the couch. He said he awoke several hours later in bed with Fashanu.

Fashanu was charged with second degree sexual assault, which carries a maximum 20-year prison sentence, and first and second degree common assault. He was interviewed voluntarily on March 25, but was not taken into cus-

ody. When forensic experts arrived on April 3 with a warrant to gather evidence at the apartment they found his belongings had gone.

Fashanu had seemed set for a bright career when he was a young striker with Norwich City in 1978. His career disintegrated after he joined Nottingham Forest for £1 million in 1981 and rumours circulated about his sexuality. Football remains a deeply homophobic sport. "You have to understand that footballers are very narrow-minded," Fashanu once said. "It's the nature of the business."

"When you put yourself in the firing line, you are open to abuse," he said.

Obituaries, page 10

## A holiday? Don't bank on it

Roger Cowe

BRITAIN lags behind most of the world when it comes to public holidays, suffering from the twin disadvantages of a residual work ethic and not having a plethora of saints to celebrate.

But a call from the Co-op Bank today to abolish those rare bank holidays is not a case of the bank's famed ethics getting the better of it.

It is more a matter of promoting the Co-op's telephone banking service. The idea is to drop the "bank", not the holiday.

The argument is that in an age of remote 24-hour service, the best banks never close. So it may be a holiday for some, but not for those who are sitting in the call centres waiting for bank customers to pay their bills, order their statements, or even to close their accounts.

In an interactive, wired and wonderful age, the term for our public holidays has become meaningless.

First Direct, the first and most prominent telephone banking operation in Britain, launched by the Midland in 1989, now has 850,000 customers, with more still signing up for the branch-less operation.

The Co-op estimates that it will process 4,000 Internet transactions and answer 10,000 phone calls today.

Spokesman Simon Williams said: "In the late 1990s customers want to do their banking anytime, anywhere."

Perhaps that gives a clue to how our handful of holidays should be renamed, although the old Martin slogan somehow does not connect with how most people spend these free Mondays.

In the absence of saints, it might be possible to find distinctive new names — New Labour day, perhaps — for today's time off.

True to its campaigning tradition, the Co-op aims to conduct a poll to find the most popular alternative.

To make its point, it should ask voters to telephone their votes — on May 25, the next bank holiday.

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CITROËN



New Yorker article alleges Kofi Annan got detailed reports on Rwanda bloodbath plans but ordered no action by peacekeepers

## UN chief 'ignored genocide warning'

Big blow to credibility comes on eve of official visit to Kigali

Ed Vulliamy, Washington

**T**HE United Nations secretary-general, Kofi Annan, was personally warned in advance of plans by the previous regime in Rwanda to "exterminate" hundreds of thousands of Tutsi tribespeople, but specifically ordered UN peacekeepers to do nothing, an article in the New Yorker magazine, published today, alleges.

The warnings came from Mr Annan's commanding offi-

cer in the field, three months before the slaughter began in spring 1994. They referred not only to the planned killing of Tutsis by the Hutu junta, but also of a death threat to UN peacekeeping troops from Belgium.

Mr Annan later refused the general permission to testify before a special commission established by the Belgian government. The confirmation of previous reports of Mr Annan's prior knowledge of the genocide came on the eve of his visit to Rwanda this week, and as a devastating

blow to his credibility and to that of the UN.

The New Yorker story is a reminder of the prior warnings about genocide and camps in Bosnia — issued two years before the Rwandan bloodbath — which were also covered up or ignored by the UN.

The magazine cites a fax sent to UN headquarters on January 11, 1994 — three months before the wholesale slaughter of the Tutsis began — from the UN force commander on the ground, Major-General Romeo Dallaire.

The message said that the regime was marshalling paramilitary units who were preparing to "exterminate" the Tutsis. Gen Dallaire's informant was a former member of

the security staff of the Hutu dictator, President Juvenal Habyarimana.

"The source was being paid \$1,000 a month, a vast salary in Rwanda, to compile lists of Tutsis with a view to the ensuing carnage, and to assemble extremist militias called *Interahamwe* — "those who kill together" — to carry it out.

Gen Dallaire wrote to his immediate superior, a fellow Quebecois, General Maurice Baril, in what the author of the New Yorker article, Philip Gourevitch, calls "clipped military English". He warned that his informant's registration of all Tutsis in the capital Kigali was "for their extermination".

The plans were clearly fine-

tuned, Gen Dallaire warned. "Example he [the informant] gave was that in 20 minutes his personnel could kill up to a thousand Tutsis."

The government's overall scheme was "to start a civil war", the informant told Gen Dallaire, during which UN troops "were to be provoked, and if Belgian soldiers resorted to force, then a number of them were to be killed".

Gen Dallaire marked his fax "most immediate" and urged a robust response: "Peux ce que veux. Allons-y," he said ("Where there's a will there's a way. Let's go").

Previous reports of the fax and its warnings have said that they were knocked back by UN headquarters. But the

New Yorker quotes Mr Annan's spokesman, Fred Eckhardt, as insisting the UN was "taking a bum rap on this".

The New Yorker produces the leaked evidence of the response, however, and of the name printed across the top of the page on which it was sent — Kofi Annan, represented by the signature of his aide, Iqbal Riza.

The reply is immediate, also dated January 11. Gen Dallaire is told to report what he has heard to the ambassadors of France, Belgium and the United States, and told to "assume that Habyarimana is not aware of the situation" and should "immediately look into it".

Mr Riza claims to the New

Yorker that Mr Annan "would have seen this paper, maybe, you know, whenever he had time...".

Despite his efforts to avert the slaughter, Gen Dallaire resisted the temptation to pass the buck to UN headquarters when speaking on Canadian television last year, saying that he was "intimately involved with the responsibility" for the massacres and displacement of two million people.

Mr Annan's office yesterday claimed that it had not seen the article or heard of Gen Dallaire's warning to the now secretary-general. The duty officer in charge of peacekeeping, Hiro Ueki, was not returning calls.



Annan: Told three months before killings took place

## Justin Fashanu dies in lock-up garage



Justin Fashanu fled the US last week after being accused of sexual assault, and was found dead in an east London garage, below

PHOTOGRAPHS: ANDY LANE AND PAUL TREACRY

## Ex-striker on sex charge found dead

continued from page 1

to attack. I know I'm there to be shot down in flames."

After Fashanu left Nottingham Forest, he made a handful of appearances for several clubs before a serious injury ended his playing career.

John Fashanu, the former Wimbledon striker and presenter on TV's *Gladstons*, had distanced himself from his older brother in recent years. They fell out after John offered Justin money to keep quiet about his homosexuality.

The brothers spent some time in a Barnardo's home after the marriage of their Nigerian parents ended. Aged five and six, the brothers were taken in by Betty and Alf Jackson at their home in Attleborough, Norfolk. Following Mrs Jackson's death last October, Justin said: "It was Mama Jackson who gave us the strength of character we needed in life."

John Fashanu, who said on Friday he had not spoken to his brother for seven years, yesterday issued a statement

through his solicitor, Henri Brandman. "John is truly shocked and distressed by the news of his brother's death," it said. "Although there were periods of disagreement between them there were also many occasions when they enjoyed special times together."

After the collapse of his football career Justin underwent a self-destructive publicity spiral in which he falsely claimed to have had sex with senior Tory MPs and to have had a sexual relationship with the actress Julie Goodyear, who played Bet Gilroy in *Coronation Street*.

Last night Ms Goodyear said she was sympathetic to Fashanu's family but hurt by how she had been treated. "The only relationship I ever had with Justin was one of friendship, but he claimed it was a sexual relationship which was not true," she said. "He had already admitted he was gay. I maintained a dignified silence, but I do believe things catch up with you."



## Mouthpieces meandering to contrived conclusions

## Review

Rick Moroney

The Electrocution of Children

Peacock Theatre, Dublin

CHRIS LEE, an Irish-born playwright and

psychiatric social

worker, could hardly have chosen a more direct title for his debut play at the Irish National Theatre. However, zap-happy guignol this ain't. Rather, it's a meandering time-passage play of urban alienation and ennui, vaguely aligned into a thriller form. The characters are effete professionals.

Owen Fouere chips out another icy performance as Mar-

got, the dysfunctional doctor who has lost all faith as a clinician. Lonely and drunk, she falls in with a young psychotic patient, Gordon (Robert Price in a low-key performance). Margot is immune to his predictions of asteroidal Armageddon, and while he excites her deeply inhibited eroticism, she is incapable of intimacy. Instead, she does him the favour of quietly dispatch-

ing his cantankerous dying father with a loaded syringe. If that seems crypto-Freudian, the parallel plot is a gesture towards noir. Margot's estranged daughter, an artist who specialises in photographing mouths, browbeats a young man into buying a piece, and later sleeps with him. He reveals himself as a "computer expert who hates computers". Having de-

stroyed illicit data his life is under threat from his former partners, who have hired a killer to track him down. Despite the violence of events, both plots evaporate into a series of very contrived and rather delayed twists. The characters remain ambiguous ciphers, often little more than mouthpieces for musings on love, trust, ethics.

Other than neatly sewing

together the moment-to-moment nuances, director Brian Brady brings no real overarching sense to what is an often puzzling script. The set, too, demands a lot of attention.

The *Electrocution of Children* is cleverly written, but rarely engages in a dramatic sense as, cocooned within their obsessions, the characters ultimately fail to interact.

## Mandelson and Harman vie for same Cabinet job

Anne Perkins Political Correspondent

**T**WO OF Tony Blair's closest allies, Peter Mandelson and Harriet Harman, are locked in battle for the same Cabinet job amid speculation that the reshuffle could come within the next few weeks.

Both ministers are determined to take the Cabinet Office job, which goes by the title of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and is held by David Clark, who is expected to be sacked.

Ms Harman is determined to keep the minister for women role she holds as part of her social security brief, even if she is moved out of the department. She is likely to be replaced by a man, possibly Alistair Darling, the Treasury Chief Secretary.

She, and pressure groups lobbying for a non-departmental Minister for Women within the Cabinet, believe the job can only be done from the Cabinet Office because it needs the powerful infrastructure developed since the Cabinet Office role was expanded under the last Tory government.

But Peter Mandelson, Minister Without Portfolio, and widely expected to be promoted as "enforcer" of government strategy across Whitehall, also needs the clout and reach of the top job in the Cabinet Office.

Mr Mandelson is expected to be charged with making the Prime Minister's writ run through Westminster, after some frustration in Downing Street about infighting between departments holding up policy development.

Traditionally, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster has dealt with issues such as the Citizen's Charter and civil service matters but the role is capable of infinite flexibility. It would allow Mr Mandelson to oversee the work of all government departments.

One solution being discussed in Whitehall would be to put both into the Cabinet Office with cabinet rank. That would mean one less cabinet rank post for other departments — and transport, held by Gavin Strang, would almost certainly be the casualty. "It's being talked about. It's not out of the question," one Whitehall source said last night.

Although insiders say it could be a disastrous personality clash, Mr Mandelson and Ms Harman are both leading Blairites, and Ms Harman is known to be determined not to give the minister for women title.

The idea of a separate women's minister was a campaign commitment, a watershed survival of a promise to have a department for women, but it foundered on what were described as practical difficulties after the election. Ms Harman became cab-



Harriet Harman, above, is determined to keep her minister for women role, even if she is moved out of the social security department

inet minister for women as an afterthought two days after being appointed Social Security Secretary. Later Joan Ruddock was appointed minister for women without even a ministerial salary.

As a further compromise, every department has a women's minister, responsible for considering the impact of all policy developments on women. Many of them, for instance in key departments like the Welsh and Scottish offices, are men.

Critics of the idea of a free-standing women's minister believe the biggest problem is the lack of weight of a minister without a department, and more importantly a departmental budget. They also argue that it would be too problematic, having a minister who could interfere in the work of other departments.

But supporters insist the right person, a determined campaigner with access to Mr Blair, could overcome the disadvantage of not having a budget and at the same time exploit the ability to reach into other departments' policy-making processes to speak up for women.

They say many aspects of policy, such as child care strategies, pensions, and the development of family friendly employment stretch across a confusing array of departments and a women's minister would provide much needed drive and focus.

"It matters an awful lot who it is," said one long-time campaigner. "You have to be able to push."

spent almost my last 28 shillings on the book. I am disgusted that such books are allowed on the market'

Complaints to police

The book is worse than Lady Chatterley's Lover. It outrages the mind of any normal individual... Publication of this book affords an opportunity to mount a counter attack to avenge the repulse we suffered in the Lady Chatterley case'

Chief Superintendent

## The Mill

literary experts scared prosecutors from acting on novel, writes Alan

**S**YDNEY — A book that has been banned in several countries, including the United States, is now being published in the UK. The book, *The Mill*, is a novel by Alan... It is a story of a man who is... The book is... It is a story of a man who is... The book is... It is a story of a man who is...

## Super-ship

Minister cautious over for mile-long floating

**T**HE Government last... The ship is... It is a story of a man who is... The book is... It is a story of a man who is...

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Million pound over-nighter carriages, with all mod cons, stand alongside the train at Gaydon in Warwickshire

PHOTOGRAPH: SEAN SMITH



## Taxpayers' luxury sleepers on a siding to nothing

Sarah Hall on a £105m trans-European investment standing idle in Warwickshire

**D**EEP in the Warwickshire countryside, in a railway siding on the country's largest ammunition depot, a fleet of sleek train carriages waits expectantly.

Glistening in the spring sunshine, the brand-new turquoise units — each worth £1 million and featuring luxurious sleeping compartments and showers — need only engines to send them hurtling across to Europe. But such a journey — for which they were planned — now seems impossible.

For 18 months, 90 Nightstar carriages and 50 half-finished units, have sat outside the picture-postcard village of Gaydon, guarded from the public, and glimpsed only by a few sheep.

Never used, they have rested amid the battered shells of old regional railway carriages, still wrapped in protective plastic packaging. And they have done so at a cost to the British taxpayer of £105 million.

In 1992, British Rail, as it then was, decided there was a demand for a luxurious over-night service which would whisk British businessmen to Paris or Brussels. As many as 75,000 passengers were expected to take the trains from Glasgow, Swansea and Plymouth — despite the fact that the journeys might take as much as 14½ hours.

The British Railways

Board, in conjunction with the Dutch, French and German railways, authorised a £139 million investment, some £105 million of which would be footed by the British taxpayer, since British Rail owned 61 per cent of the joint continental service, European Night Services Ltd.

A total of 139 carriages were ordered from GEC Alsthom in June 1992, and production began at its Birmingham plant the next year.

But there were problems from the start. "It wasn't just like producing normal rolling stock. These were very much premium class carriages," said a spokeswoman for the rolling stock manufacturer. "The problems arose because of the high power levels demanded by the showers and other features. British Rail constantly made modifications to the design and that obviously had an impact on both time and cost."

Despite this, the first sleepers were delivered in January 1995 and the last a year later. But meanwhile, the privatisation of British Rail, which began in April 1994, had brought complications.

Eurostar, which won the contract for the service in February 1996, was unconvinced of the economic viability of the service and commissioned the operators of the British side of the service, London and Continental Railways, to research this.

In July 1997, LCR confirmed Eurostar's suspicions.

"The study concluded the services were not likely to even cover operating costs, let alone be profitable," said Jeremy Candfield, LCR's director of corporate affairs. The company refused to take the rolling stock from GEC Alsthom which, despite receiving £105 million from the public purse, therefore owns the carriages, since it

was not fully reimbursed for them.

The sea change in attitude was due to numerous factors, according to Mr Candfield: the long journey times; better regional air services; and, most crucially, the decline in the cost of airfares, which the service had hoped to mirror.

This placed great pressure on us," he admitted. LCR's financial problems also played a part in the decision to scrap the service.

With Eurostar currently losing £180 million a year, the company's finances have been further stretched by the high-speed rail link from London to the Kent coast, which it won the contract to build in March 1996.

Earlier this year, it asked the Government for a £1.2 billion rescue package — which was refused. "LCR is still operating at a loss so to

actually move on to an extension when the basic service still has room for improvement seems premature," said the LCR spokeswoman. "At the end of the day, it needs to sort out its basic services, and it has problems enough with those, let alone start talking about putting on a night service."

Their original function scrapped, GEC Alsthom is trying to find an alternative

use for the hi-tech vehicles but it remains coy about details. "It is our intention to do so, and there are a number of interested parties, both in the UK and internationally. ScotRail is an obvious target," a GEC spokesman conceded.

The Scottish train company hopes to conduct a feasibility study into the carriages as soon as possible. "There are great things in its favour, both technically and in terms

of its being a luxury item, but with only 10 berths per carriage, prices would have to increase, and we have to see if the business justifies that," said a ScotRail spokesman.

Meanwhile, with even the residents of Gaydon professing not to know of their existence, the carriages wait. A gust of wind ruffles the plastic coatings at the end of each carriage — and they seem to call to be unwrapped.

## Capital idea is wavering on the brink of a 'Yes' vote

A mayor for London: Polling day looms for what is a notion alien to local democracy, reports Michael White

**T**HIS Thursday's referendum on whether to have an elected mayor for London is, to all intents and purposes, a done deal. The answer is Yes.

But it may be a less than resounding Yes. And for an idea whose time has come it is a remarkably alien one to the traditional British way of local government — all voluntary, often uncharismatic councillors, worthy committees, over-powerful officials and a merely symbolic mayor, equipped with gold chain and car of office. Ditto the City of London and its ancient Lord Mayor, Dick Whittington. It ain't.

For better or worse the old ethos will be upstaged for ever, probably on March 31 2000 when the mayor and a 25-strong assembly will be elected by the 5 million voters who live in the inner 25 of the capital's boroughs. Together they will constitute the Greater London Authority (GLA), London's first strategic authority.

**"We need an assembly to keep the mayor accountable and keep him honest."**

since Margaret Thatcher abolished the old GLC in 1986.

The mayor will be elected by a version of the Alternative Vote (second choices transferred to give the winner 50 per cent-plus), 14 assembly members by the traditional method, the rest by the proportional top-up system known as AMS (additional member system) to make sure the result is "fair". In this new model of British democracy all will serve for four years.

All the main parties want an elected mayor and will extend the concept to other major cities if it works. President

Jacques Chirac was the executive mayor of Paris, New York's Rudolph Giuliani wants to be president of his country too. No wonder Michael Heseltine championed the idea.

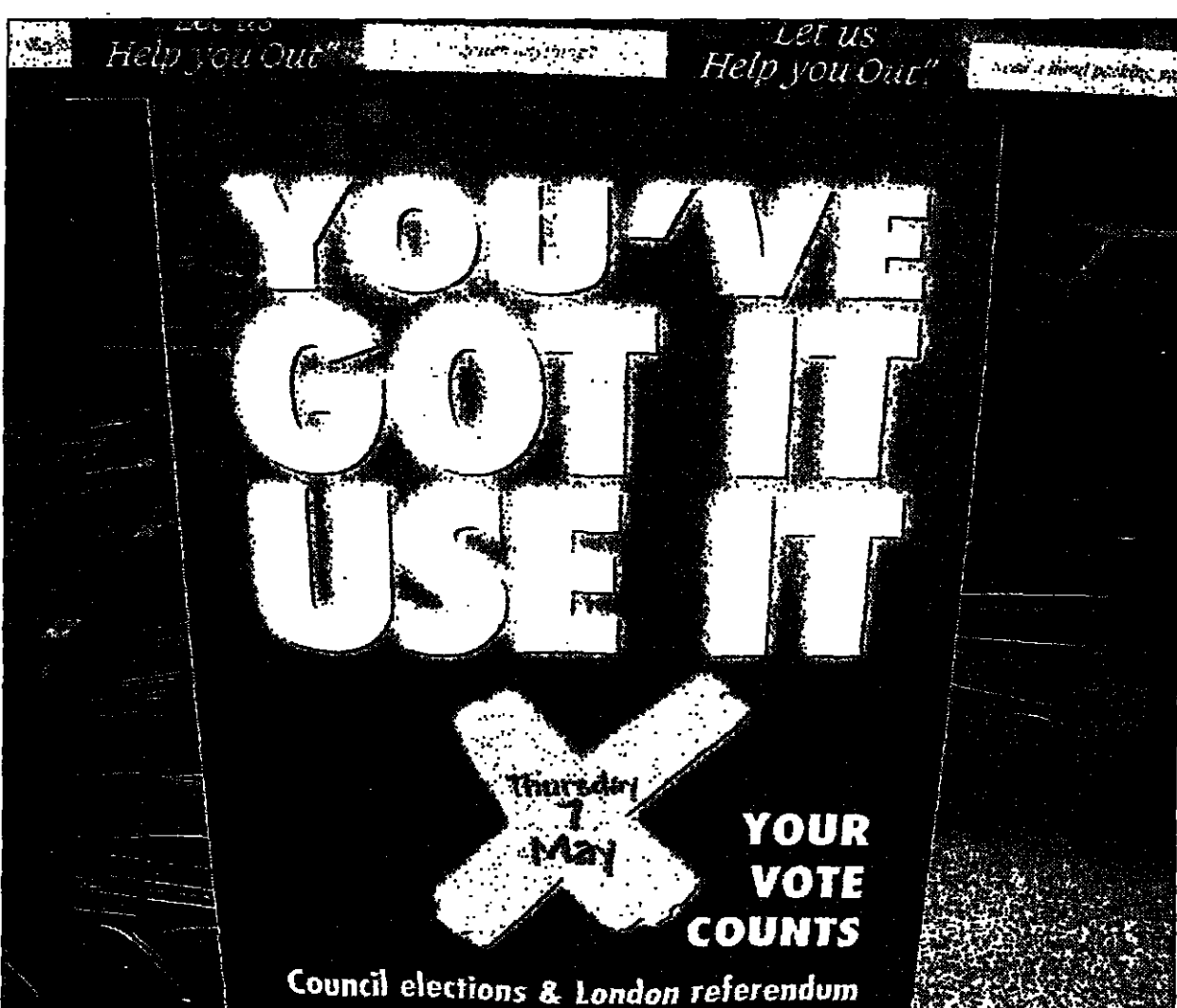
But the Liberal Democrats wanted the mayor elected by the assembly and the Tories wanted a mayor without an assembly. The Government opted for both ("we need an assembly to keep the mayor accountable and keep him honest," explained one minister). Thursday's referendum is a package: it obliges voters to say Yes to both or No.

The idea is simple. A strong executive mayor with a budget of at least £3.3 billion a year (though not much independent tax-raising power), will be able to inspire and bully, mobilise and manoeuvre the boroughs, business, the voluntary sector and — above all — the people across the whole of London.

In a television age, when party loyalties and ideologies defer to management skills, he or she will be a focus for what is still one of the world's great cities. London's mayor will be more famous than most cabinet members or Scottish first ministers; a potential rival to Downing Street — as GLC leader Ken Livingstone was and may be again — unless Tony Blair's Labour Party members block his nomination.

The new authority would not be the old GLC, but streamlined, working with the boroughs. It would control transport, economic planning, environmental problems, strategic planning, the police and fire services. It would promote health, and foster tourism, culture and sport.

The mayor's five specific powers and duties would be to devise plans and strategies; to make a budget (subject to assembly approval); key appointments, both to his/her own staff and to boards; to coordinate action; and to do what the white paper calls "act as a voice for London". The scope is enormous, but



A poster in a supermarket urges Londoners to give the capital an executive mayor and assembly. PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK BARN

so are the risks. Will the winner be above party — a charismatic independent like Richard Branson, a semi-independent party maverick, a Livingstone or a Jeffrey Archer, or a seasoned party pro?

Saint, bureaucrat or crook, it is all far from clear and the candidate of the smart money is probably still in hiding. On Thursday Londoners will be voting for an abstract concept with their fingers tightly crossed. As they tune in the very traffic jams they expect "Ezraoner the Mayor" to eliminate, they may be wise to fasten their seat belts for a ride in fast lane.

By Michael White

**A**PART from a few separatists, skinflint business types and jealous politicians, everyone seems to think an elected mayor of London with sweeping executive powers would be a good thing. But is the conventional wisdom wrong?

There are plenty of reasons for thinking it might turn out badly. Are Paris, Rio and New York so brilliantly governed by a system which so depends

on the skills — and integrity — of one individual? Sometimes yes, sometimes no. And what's wrong with London, admired in post-GLC years as a vibrant and successful city which (by 1995 standards) works?

It will cost money too; at least £20 million to set up and £20 million a year to finance those elected assembly members and their staff. And that is before they and the mayor begin to spend money and demand more from Westminster.

The case for a strategic authority looking at the wider needs of the capital is strong. But the scope for friction with the 32 boroughs is considerable. As things stand they have to compete with each other, not the mayor.

And will the mayor understand the needs of business as well as poor boroughs? Will he/she have the power — or the cash — to put flesh on essay talk. And will Tony Blair and William Hague find they have elected a rod for their own backs?

## 'Poetic injustice' outcry at move for Wordsworth

John Ezard

**A**SUGGESTION that the literary relics of William Wordsworth should be moved from the Lake District to what he saw as "the hurrying world" of London met with outrage yesterday. The proposal was put forward to solve a planning dispute over a scheme for new archive buildings near the poet's shrine at Dove Cottage, Grasmere. Drawn by the beauty of its setting, he lived there nine years and wrote many of his most entranced works, including *Daffodils* and *The Prelude*, in its one living room.

Wordsworth left in 1808 because it was too cramped for his growing family. Now the cottage and museum attracts 80,000 tourists a year and helps to house 50,000 manuscripts, books, drawings and paintings collected by the Wordsworth Trust.

The trust, founded in 1931, has tabled plans for two buildings to display its stock. But the Lake District National Park Authority says these would "seriously harm" the character and appearance of the area.

One local councillor has compared a round tower in the design with "an over-large pillbox without the machine gun slits". The authority's senior

planning officer, Rachel Newman, said in a letter to the architects: "There seems to me to be no fundamental reason why the collections (or part of them) cannot be housed elsewhere in a purpose-built building or an existing building — for example at Keswick, Ambleside, Lancaster university or London."

To guardians of a poet who wrote of commercial life: "The world is too much with us, late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers," the mention of London is like a red rag to a bull.

The trust's commercial manager, Brian Eaton, said: "We are not talking about finding an industrial unit somewhere and banging in an air conditioning unit. It is perfectly legitimate for people to have criticisms or objections, but let's have a proper debate rather than discussions about sending it to London."

"Dove Cottage is the creative home of Wordsworth. The trust was founded with the idea of keeping that together. We are talking about providing a purpose-built building to maintain our treasures, some of them more than 200 years old."

Members of the authority will discuss the scheme tomorrow.

For fans of William Wordsworth (1770-1850), the thought of moving his papers to London is like a red rag to a bull



**Local elections:** In Croydon both sides are concentrating on where they hope it will do most good. Lucy Ward reports

**I**T'S a sunny May evening in Croydon and, in the streets below Crystal Palace park, the Labour Party is out for a spot of Voter Identification. Knocking on doors at election time is known as canvassing, but in this flagship south London borough such terms are as outdated as beer and sandwiches.

Labour is seeking at Thursday's council elections to keep control of a marginal authority it snatched from the Tories in 1994 for the first

time in the borough's 115-year history, and is fighting with all the sophisticated campaigning techniques known to modern politics. Computer analysis has led the party to focus on nine target wards out of 27 in the borough, key areas have been "blitzed" by groups of activists, and time-consuming doorstep persuasion has been largely abandoned in favour of identifying likely supporters and making sure they turn out.

Meanwhile the Tories — holding 30 council seats against Labour's 40 and hoping to win back control — are playing much the same game, without the jargon. They are concentrating on recapturing five wards, where canvassers have been knocking on doors since last September.

The reason for such highly-focused activity is simple — both sides fear a turnout even lower than the sluggish levels

traditional in local elections — which this year cover all the seats in the 32 London boroughs and the Isle of Wight, and a third of seats in local authorities elsewhere in England (there are no elections in Scotland and Wales).

The key to winning, as Labour recognised to devastating effect in the general election a year ago, is to work out exactly where support lies and ensure that it gets off its sofa and into the polling booth on election day. In Croydon, that means no more than a few thousand voters — many of them sandwiched in the middle of the elongated borough between the red north and the blue south — will decide the issue.

The parties are divided over the reason for the lack of interest in Thursday's poll. The Tories blame disillusion, claiming that after a year of Blair government many vot-

ers now believe all sides are as bad as each other. For Labour, the fear is more a lack of energy for a further fight after last year's landslide victory, which saw the party unexpectedly wrest control of the Croydon Central seat. "I think our party members are all on Prozac at the moment," observes Valerie Shawcross, the council's high-energy leader. "There's a feeling that the problems are over, the job is done."

All this flies in the face of the received wisdom that, in London at least, turnout would be higher than usual this year thanks to the bonus gift of an extra vote — on a mayor and assembly for the capital. In reality, all sides believe the referendum has had little or no impact, largely because the No campaign is all but non-existent. "The issue is dead on the doorstep," reports the gentlemanly Tory

group leader Dudley Mead. "If anything, people are confused and think they will be voting for a mayor on Thursday."

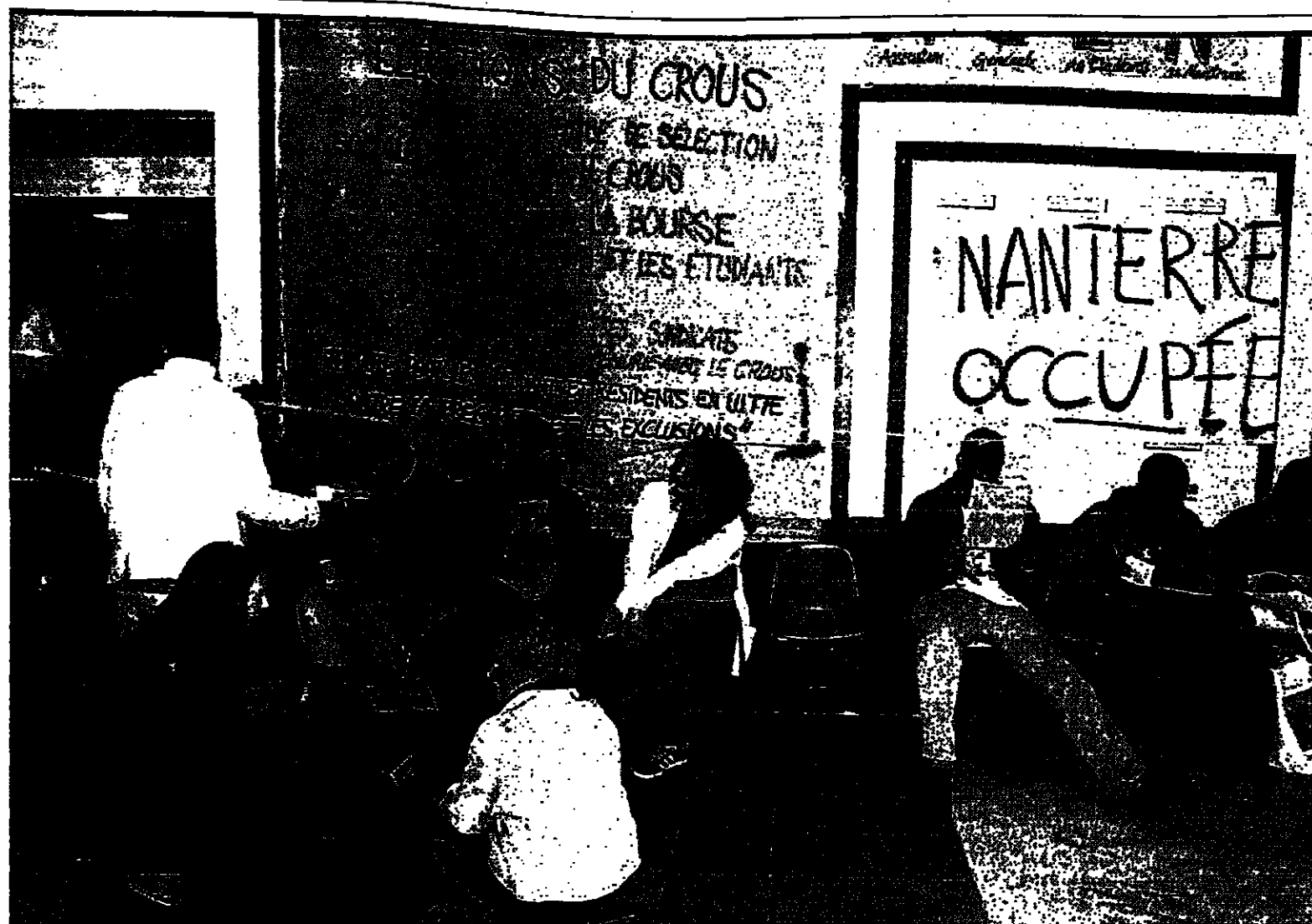
In search of other stimuli to lure out the voters, both Labour and the Conservatives have been bringing in their big guns. Tony Blair Harriet Harman, Peter Mandelson, and London transport minister Glenda Jackson have all put in appearances. The Tories have made last-minute arrangements for a visit today by William Hague, though activists privately concede that — though they may recapture a few seats — they are not optimistic of regaining control of the borough they once ran virtually as a one-party state.

The Liberal Democrats, meanwhile, are pushing to break their duck of council seats in a couple of wards, but national party organisers ad-

mit their sights are levelled elsewhere. Cllr Mead is offering every voter a £50 council tax rebate if the Tories regain control. "Labour have spent on foolish things — glossy council publications, links with China, all the usual crap, if you'll pardon my French. The £50 is not a bribe; if you've paid too much to the inland Revenue they pay it back, and this is no different."

Back in the town hall, Cllr Shawcross rebuts claims of profligacy, insisting the best possible job has been made of absorbing the £10 million budget cut imposed on the authority for 1998-9 without drastic cuts in services. There is growing enthusiasm, she claims, for the council's efforts to rebrand and regenerate a town still widely viewed as the soulless concrete eyecore between Surrey and the City.





A display of slogans in a corridor of the University of Paris-X at Nanterre proclaims its role in the 1968 students' revolt. PHOTOGRAPH: HELENA NORDSTRAND



Jean-François Godchau, left, Nanterre's student leader in 1968 and a veteran of the revolt, and Sarah Bénichou, right, the current student leader at the university.

PHOTOGRAPHS: HELENA NORDSTRAND



## Today's students bored by May '68

Sexual freedom may be the one lasting legacy of the students' revolt, writes Jon Henley in Nanterre

THE posters these days are more prosaic. Instead of "Be realistic, demand the impossible", there is an appeal for solidarity with the unemployed; instead of "Run, comrade, the old world is behind you", there are demands for cleaner air; instead of "Beneath the paving stones, the beach", there is a notice of student council elections. The University of Paris-X at Nanterre — a sprawl of concrete blocks squeezed between railway lines, a motorway and council estates — feels a long way from the Latin Quarter where, 30 years ago this morning, Parisians surveyed the wreckage of the first serious student riot of May 1968.

Inundated with commemorations, today's Nanterre students know it was their predecessors who provided the first spark for the would-be revolution that became the defining event of postwar France. Most of them know little more about it than that.

"It was about paving stones and parties and degrees for everyone," hazarded Vanessa, a psychology student. "Free love, all that."

Her friend Cendrine remembered more. "There was the guy who led the whole thing, what was his name? The stocky one. He's with the Greens now. He was a student here."

On March 14 1968, Le Monde ran a now-famous article, "When France is bored..." The author complained that French youth was apathetic.

"Students are demonstrating, moving, fighting, in Spain, Italy, Belgium, Algeria, Japan, America, Egypt, Germany, even Poland," he wrote. "They feel they have conquests to undertake, a protest to make heard. Meanwhile, French students are concerned about whether the girls of Nanterre can have free access to the boys' rooms..."

Ten days later the row about visiting rights and a protest against the threatened expulsion of that stocky sociology student, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, became a near-riot. Soon afterwards a protest against the arrest of a Nanterre student for smashing the windows of the American Express office led to a sit-in and the founding of the Movement of March 22, headed by the same Danny the Red.

On May 3, when the university was closed, the *enrages* of Nanterre were among the thousands of students who occupied the Sorbonne. And by May 20 — after a month of riots, barricades and tear gas, and thousands of arrests and injuries — about 10 million workers were on strike.

"It was all such a long time ago," said Nicolas, a third-year management student, standing amid a forlorn display of slo-

gans and frescos from the university's radical past.

"There's supposed to be a plaque somewhere to the Movement of March 22, but I've never seen it. To be frank, I'm more interested in getting a job at the end of this than in the overthrow of a conformist society."

Nanterre, a largely unsuccessful attempt to create an American-style campus on the western outskirts of Paris for the Sorbonne's overflow, was completed in 1963, housing 20,000 students. Its student union leader, Sarah Bénichou, insists that the 35,000 now enrolled have plenty to fight for.

"The education system remains hierarchical and elitist. This place is overpopulated, under-resourced, badly in need of renovation and chaotically organised. Its very lay-out encourages militancy."

But Jean-François Godchau, a Nanterre economics lecturer and, 30 years ago, Ms Bénichou's predecessor as union president, sees little in her militancy to compare with his.

"We thought we could bring about a humane revolution in France... I think that's better than an investment club."

"Back then I passed out tracts saying 'Never work'," he said. "Now I have students forming investment clubs and enrolling for a fifth year in the hope they'll stand a better chance of employment."

"Yes, the economic and social situation is completely different. But we had a real revolutionary ideal; we genuinely thought we could bring about a humane revolution in France: a Cuba or a China. And, despite myself, I still think that's a little bit more worthwhile than an investment club."

Today most Nanterre students commute from the wealthy districts of Paris. Only about 1,500 live in the halls of residence, where boyfriends and girlfriends are free to stay for up to seven nights a month.

"Maybe that's what it was about," said Stefan, a history student. "Politically, May 1968 sank. But socially, there were those slogans. 'The more I join in the revolution, the more I want to make love.' 'I love you — say it with cobblestones.'"

"At least now we can have sex when we want with whom we want."

## McDonald's beef with hair salon

Kate Connolly in Vienna

WHEN the Austrian hairdresser Wilhelm Hüllerbrand opened a chain of salons that specialise in fast service and charge by the minute, he thought it would be amusing to call the company "McHair".

But within weeks of the business opening in Vienna in November 1995 he was sued by the McDonald's fast food chain, who wanted the "Mc" removed. McDonald's said customers would think it had expanded into hairdressing.

Mr Hüllerbrand has won the first round of litigation, the Austrian Patent Office ruling in favour of McHair. It said there was no conflict of interests between McHair and McDonald's.

"It is not usual for hairdressing services to be offered in restaurants," the Patent Office said in a ruling last week.

Mr Hüllerbrand, world champion hairdresser in 1968 and 1986, said: "I cut hair and they sell burgers. Where is the comparison? My logo [black and white text] looks nothing like theirs. How could anyone confuse them?"

Customers of McHair Faststyling Salon need no

appointment. They choose from a menu of styles that includes a McShower (a shampoo and blow-drying 25 minutes), a McCollege (close close, 30 minutes) and McPerms. They can also have McToners and McHighlights. All are charged at 50 schillings a minute (10p).

Mr Hüllerbrand says he applied for a patent when he set up his business and only received a letter of complaint from McDonald's a few days after opening.

McDonald's Austria says it will continue to fight for McHair to drop the "Mc".

"Mc" is a world-renowned part of the McDonald's corporate name and is an important part of the individual products we offer such as "McChicken", the company's public relations representatives said.

"It's not in our interest if other businesses create the impression that they are linked to McDonald's by using the prefix 'Mc'. But nevertheless we wish McHair much success."

They have two months in which to appeal against the judgement, but it is not clear if they plan to. In the event of an appeal, the case would be taken to the highest level of the Patent Office.



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## Famine put Sudanese

Matthew Begg in Montreal

T

he famine in Sudan is not just a story of starvation and death. It is a story of a people who have been forgotten by the world. The famine in Sudan is a result of a combination of factors, including drought, civil war, and international neglect. The people of Sudan are suffering and need help.

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## Red card for fascists

### Protect the World Cup

LIKE arsenic in the water supply of a political culture, the hard right are at it again. Each time they make headway in elections, the mainstream parties, particularly but not exclusively on the right, feel the need to get tough with some of the most vulnerable members of their society — immigrants. Most recently it was Germany. Last Sunday the German People's Union scored almost 13 per cent of the vote in the eastern state of Saxony-Anhalt. By the end of the week the Bavarian authorities had promised to deport a Turkish couple who had lived in Germany for 30 years, claiming their 13-year-old son was "a massive risk to public security".

Two months ago the Front National took the French regions by storm, prompting splits in the mainstream right between those who wanted to collaborate and those who refused. Two years ago Italy had fascists in its government. Austria, Belgium and Denmark all have right wing parties netting well over five per cent of the vote. In England they perform pitifully at

the polls but have a significant presence on the streets. One thing all of these countries have in common — apart from being members of the EU — is that each has a national football team that has qualified for the World Cup which will take place in France next month. Given the way the far right have targeted football as both a recruiting ground and a public arena in which to flex their racist muscles, the connection between football and politics in this context is far from tenuous.

It doesn't help matters that the championship is taking place in a country where a party which makes scapegoats of immigrants for all their social and economic ills still gets around 15 per cent of the vote.

Of course, it is vital not to exaggerate the influence of the hard right. To overinflate their strength and support can become a self-fulfilling prophecy. But if alarmism is their staple diet then complacency is their oxygen. There is no greater compliment you can pay to fascists than not to take them seriously when they rear their heads. This year's World Cup has an unprecedented number of teams from predominantly non-white countries. Morocco, Tunisia, Nigeria, Cameroon, South Africa, Jamaica, Saudi Arabia, Japan, South Korea and Iran will all be represented. Their fans

will pour in from various corners of the world. They will come with identical hues and mores to the communities which are harassed all over Europe.

With Europe's open borders it is not unreasonable to think that fascists may spot the potential for converging on France and wreaking racial havoc both on and off the terraces. The World Cup is not just a sporting event but an international showcase. It would reflect badly not only on football but on Europe if the right wing were not shown the red card before the first game kicks off.

## Bankable holiday

### There must be a third way

THE CO-OPERATIVE BANK — which argues that bank holidays should be renamed — should be careful. People who criticise them have a tendency to end up with egg on their chin. It is only six years ago that the normally sensible Gillian Shephard won a standing ovation at the Tory party conference for proposing the abolition of the holiday which is being celebrated today — May Day bank holiday. Ministers complained about "the obstacle to business

efficiency" in having an extra one day of holiday between Easter and Whitsun while right wing observers condemned Marxists for cynically hijacking a worn-out, pagan, rites-of-spring day for socialist celebrations. On the following May Day the Daily Mail proudly launched a campaign for an official Trafalgar Day — the favourite Conservative alternative, falling on October 21. Within a year the campaign had fizzled out. The Foreign Office was appalled at celebrating a victory over the combined French and Spanish fleet and more pertinently the CBI complained to ministers that a holiday in October would severely disrupt pre-Christmas production schedules. The second great Battle of Trafalgar was lost.

The Co-op Bank, however, is being more rational than the Daily Mail or Conservative ministers. With an eye to a dead news day, its corporate affairs boss rightly declared yesterday that "bank holidays are a throw back to the past when the whole banking system closed down for the day". Now, in the era of 24-hour, 365-days-a-year telephone banking, banks never close. The Co-op expects to receive 10,000 calls today and conduct 4,000 Internet transactions. It seems a good time to rename such holidays which date back to an 1871 act. It might be even worth going back to 1829 when the

Bank of England closed on 40 saints' days and anniversaries, before cutting the number to 18 in 1830 and just four in 1834. Over 150 years on, Britain still lags behind most of the continent in the number of public holidays: a mere eight compared with France's 14 and Germany's 17. This might be one act of European harmonisation — it has already been raised by the European Monetary Institute and MEPs — which the British might embrace. Currently, the only common holidays are Christmas Day and New Year's Eve. Even Easter has different dates in Greece.

But if it isn't to be called a bank holiday what can it be called? Clearly one option is to go back to its pagan origins and reintroduce a celebration of springtime fertility. This might be regarded as non-cool by the present administration, although presumably this would be more to their liking than celebrating Labour Day (the reason the last Labour government introduced the holiday in the 1970s).

A New Labour third way would obviously be to explore the PFI (private finance initiative) potential. For a fee, the people who benefit the most could have the day named after them: B&Q day, Welcome Break Motorway day, or even Rank rather than bank holiday.

## Letters to the Editor

### There's always a third way

THE New Labour catch phrase Third Way, sometimes Third Camp or Third Party, began life as a Leninist term of abuse, meaning fence-sitter, as for example in Trotsky's First Five Years of the Communist International (Matthew Norman, May 1). The first left-wingers to give it a positive spin were the writers of the now defunct magazine, the Chartist. A few years ago the far-right group organised by Patrick Harrington adopted the slogan Third Way (between communism and capitalism). Clinton advisor Dick Morris devised the election strategy of "triangulation" — mapping out a third way between traditional Democrat and Republican positions — in 1991. James Heartfield, London.

ANOTHER priest is sent to prison; this time for crimes against children in his care at the Father Hudson orphanage (Priest jailed for sexual abuse of boys, May 1). It would be nice to know what disciplinary action, if any, the Roman Catholic Church has taken against the nuns who abused the same children with beatings and who, despite having guilty knowledge, effectively conspired to allow the paedophile to continue unchecked. Margaret Pretty, Kingston upon Thames.

WE READ that there are more ructions over the Diana, Princess of Wales, Memorial Fund into which money continues to pour (Diana's another fears for fund, April 27). On the same page, you report that Refuge's crisis line for battered wives may have to close down for lack of funds (Threat to hotline for abused women). I suggest that the trustees of the Memorial Fund get their cheque book out and make a contribution to a cause with which Diana herself would surely have sympathised. Peter J Barker, Edinburgh.

SO Trainspotting was about railfans, after all (Railtrack subcontractors testing positive for heroin, May 1)? Roderic Cameron, Lenham, Kent.

## An exchange on the euro

THANK you for some very good reporting on the single currency in Saturday's paper. Chirac's preposterous behaviour could be an attempt to compensate for his disastrous decision last year to hold premature elections. In fact it is simply another double own goal in that France has been made to look absurd. As for Crédit Lyonnais, the parallel lies with Barings. Both were brought down by inefficiency and bad management — which European taxpayers' money was surely never intended to finance. In any case, what is so terrible about Crédit Lyonnais passing to a German bank? After all, SNCF (French national railways) is currently taking delivery of a large batch of upmarket diesel railcars for prime regional services. These cars are all fitted with engines from MAN and hydraulic transmissions from Voith — two of the pillars of German engineering excellence. Tim Hall, London.

NORMALLY applaud your practice of opening up the issues surrounding the single currency so that we are all better able to make informed decisions about it. But your Leader (May 2) confuses matters when you argue that "... the UK will have to maintain a borrowing

requirement much less than the Maastricht Ceiling (3 per cent of GDP) in order to have the flexibility to cut taxes or increase spending. ... But the 3 per cent ceiling is a government deficit ceiling, and it is perfectly possible to have a high tax/high spend 3 per cent ceiling or a low tax/low spend 3 per cent ceiling under the Maastricht criteria. To imply otherwise gives encouragement to the Tory Euro-sceptics who falsely claim that the single currency will inevitably mean not being able to make our own tax and spend decisions.

This weekend's decision to establish the single currency based on 11 countries is a huge step forward for Europe. It can tackle speculation, and lead to lower interest rates, higher investment and higher growth. We must now open up the single currency debate, as the Government is doing, to make an informed decision about Britain's participation. Bill Ramsay, MP, Member of European Legislation Select Committee, House of Commons.

GORDON Brown sets five specific tests regarding this country's possible inclusion to the European monetary system. These tests are almost impossible to measure. Quite

clever justification for whatever decision is eventually made can be underpinned by figures impossible to prove or junk.

Very little in the way of public relations existed before 1970; we relied on more factual stuff, but facts and figures could be attributed, hence, "the need to know", which we never did. New Labour has dispensed with all that, replacing it with PR, creative accountancy, marketing. There are no figures. Indeed, what government has ever been elected after divulging so few of them? K Mark Walker, London.

ALTHOUGH inequality seriously disfigures our society, Tony Blair admits that he and his colleagues are bound by such "tough spending limits" that the issue cannot be properly addressed. (They say our new bankers care only about money. But it's not true, May 1). It is dangerous, however, for politicians to admit that, in this globalised economy, they lack the power to tackle one of our most serious problems. People might begin to ask where the power really lies and why it cannot be brought under proper democratic control. Peter Robbins, London.

## BA attempts to clear the air

BRITISH Airways takes a very serious view of the air quality in the passenger cabins of our aircraft (Fear of breathing, April 30). The total volume of cabin air is exchanged every two to three minutes throughout the flight. Airflow per unit length of the aircraft is constant. The air distribution systems designed by Boeing and Airbus provide approximately 10 cubic feet per minute (cfm) fresh plus 10 cfm re-circulated air per passenger, equalling 20 cfm. Levels of air per passenger will obviously vary through the aircraft, reflecting numbers of passengers in each zone, but throughout the aircraft the air flow rate never falls below about 8 cfm. In a typical mid-size aircraft, the quantity of fresh air per passenger would be 10 cfm. An average person at rest uses approximately 0.015 cfm of oxy-

gen. The concentration of carbon dioxide in an aircraft cabin varies with air flow rate, the number of people present and their degree of physical activity. The American Society of Heating, Refrigeration and Air Conditioning Engineers sets acceptable indoor air quality standards, with a carbon dioxide limit of 2,500 parts per million. The minimum corresponding ventilation rate to meet this limit is 6 cfm per person. Research shows that increasing the ventilation rate would cause a decrease in relative humidity, making it drier and less comfortable. There have been no instructions given to pilots to reduce air flow in the passenger cabin to preserve fuel or for any other reason. Dr Michael Bagshaw, Head of Medical Services, British Airways.

## Smoked out

BAT talks of smoking as an "informed adult choice" (Letters, 2 May). In fact, the tobacco industry excels at disinformation, promotes its products to children, and relies not on choice, but on the addictive qualities of nicotine to secure its customer base. This predatory "seduce-and-addict" interpretation of smoking is displacing the naive "choose-and-enjoy" view promoted by BAT, and is the reason why the tobacco industry faces increasingly hostile governments. Clive Bates, Director, Action on Smoking and Health, London.

We do not publish letters where only an e-mail address is supplied; please include a full postal address. We may edit letters: shorter ones are more likely to appear. The Country Diary is on page 13.



## Bell: who pays and who is paid

ELAINE Showalter (Letters, May 1) questions Mary Bell's "memories". In Showalter's recent book, *Hysteria*, she managed to write off the combined effects of multiple vaccinations, exposure to organo-phosphate pesticides, sarin nerve gas and depleted uranium on Gulf war veterans as pre-millennial panic.

She appears to use the same tactic on stories of sexual abuse, driven at all costs to turn reality into fantasy — perhaps a result of her English literature background? She quotes the deeply flawed Brandon Report which was, incidentally, disowned by the Royal College of Psychiatrists, as evidence that continuous questioning inevitably leads to memory distortion.

One could argue the contrary. Swedish Save the Children, questioning children involved in child pornography where the evidence was incontrovertible, found it was through prolonged questioning that the children could be brought to remember their abuse. "It is apparent that the greater number of questioning sessions that the children participate in, the more they are able to relate. It is as though they must 'digest' the memories before they can relate the events. The sessions are rather like an onion; layer after layer is tentatively peeled away." Marjorie Orr, London.

portant book is being derailed before being read. But, given a lot of sensitivity and forethought, the fall-out need not have been so ugly. The book's secrecy, coupled with the added insult of payment to Bell perpetuates the victims' horror of being deemed irrelevant. That might be the crux. What if Gita Sereny had involved the victims? She says they were in her mind throughout. But that was not enough. What if she had taken the time to explain the need for secrecy to them, kept them informed and at least paid them the simple courtesy of letting them read it?

Susan Wright, Alkham Valley, Nr Folkestone, Kent. An interviewee on BBC News at the weekend said: "There's a lot more than Mary Bell making money out of this book. And it's wrong. They're making money out of crime, and it's immoral." While I'd hesitate to describe myself as making money as such, should I presume therefore that my pursuit of a criminology PhD is immoral? And worse even than Gita Sereny: I'm earning my keep by researching in prisons, so I can't even fall back on the argument that my "subjects" have been successfully rehabilitated. David Price, Darwin College, Cambridge.

SO the only people who should be allowed to make money are the owners of tabloid newspapers, and the journalists who work for them? David Holmes, London.

## Governments that squabble while children starve

IN answer to Jonathan Steele's hand-wringing defence of Khartoum (Stop this war now, May 1), the fact remains that a great number of southerners are in imminent danger of starving for the simple reason that Khartoum refuses to give permission for sufficient food to be flown in. The only effective course of action possible now is to fly in immediately as much aid as is required and to do so with or without Khartoum's consent and with military cover if necessary. Patrick Viduand, London.

CONGRATULATIONS to Jonathan Steele on his truthful and intelligent explanation of current affairs in the Sudan. Now that the US produces 25 per cent of the world's cereals, it must be a great temptation to use food as a weapon in their quest for world hegemony. Sudan is a target because its government has opted out of playing by IMF rules and has refused to saddle its population with usurious debt repayments (as non-Muslim Mozambique has not had the gumption to do). As Chomsky said of Central America, there is nothing the US hates more than a good example (as Nicaragua once was). If life is seen to be better for the poor outside the global economy, the very wellspring of corporate profits (and hospitality) is threatened.

If we eschew starvation as a tool of government, we can hardly criticise the Sudanese without first lifting our blockade on Iraq, so that the desperate poor of that once wealthy nation, who have seen their infant mortality rate quadruple in the last eight years, can at least have access to their own savings to repair their own sewage pumps. Why no airlift to Baghdad or Basra? Janet Cameron, Glasgow.

YOU report that the Commonwealth might strengthen sanctions against Nigeria because of the antics of the Abacha regime (Nigeria poll sets quandary for Commonwealth, April 29). Countries like Zambia and Zimbabwe are applying similarly brutal methods against their citizens yet nobody talks about this because they hold "democratic elections". What would the Commonwealth do if Abacha were to allow as many candidates as possible to stand against him in the presidential elections in October and yet rig the elections in his favour?

Emerging countries have learnt that, however brutal a leader is, as long as he opens his economy to shoddy goods produced by Western companies in Asia, allows the IMF/World Bank to dictate terms, his image will be turned around. Samuel Brobbey, Hamburg.

# From Louth with love

## David McKie

THERE are certain places in England which are spoken of with a sneer. Basingstoke is the most conspicuous, though Slough, Barnsley and Wigan are also routinely vilified. Recently Dudley in the West Midlands has been getting the same treatment. Kenneth Clarke, when Chancellor, scathingly

invoked wet Wednesday nights in the town. Another victim is Scunthorpe. The actress Marianne Jean-Baptiste, explaining why she was going to work in America, said she hadn't had offers in England: "What am I supposed to do?" she complained, "go and do a rep in Scunthorpe?" As it happens, she couldn't have done even that there isn't a rep in Scunthorpe. Though they do have a Playwright theatre, named after the town's famous daughter Joan Plowright (Lady Olivier), where the Channel Theatre Company ended its run of *Hard Times* last night. And the Baths Hall, which having recently staged *The Ultimate Fantasy Show* ("ladies don't miss the most sensational girls' night out") had *Suzette Dorsey's tribute to Tina Turner* on Thursday. And Henry Africa's night club, where "another sensational exclusive" — Samantha Fox

is appearing next Saturday. Still, one knows why Ms Jean-Baptiste said it. Indeed, until a week ago, I cannot remember reading anything good about Scunthorpe — except perhaps when the football club finished fourth in the old division in 1958. But then came the news that English Heritage, looking about for buildings worth protection, had recommended, alongside Denys Lasdun's Royal College of Physicians and Powell and Moya's Christ Church picture gallery, Oxford, the civic centre at Scunthorpe. Perhaps Scunthorpe was not so bad after all? So I went to look at the building, which was put up in 1962 and is now known as Pittwood House. There's enough style and sense of occasion about it to justify its protection, and it's set in what, except for one sad omission, is a splendid public park. Central Park lacks only a statue somewhere to some

prominent local dignitary — some puissant alderman, perhaps, or a one-time local MP. One always expects to find at least one of those, surrounded by strutting pigeons, in any public park worth its salt north of Leicester.

THE trouble with Pittwood House is that it isn't really in Scunthorpe. It's more properly in Frodingham, one of the villages gobbled up in the town's frantic expansion (area population in 1961: 14,000; in 1991, 11,000; in 1994, 46,000; in 1998, around 70,000) when the steel trade came. They could really do with a building like this in Scunthorpe proper — in the centre, which in essence means in the High Street. Like so many towns hustled up to accommodate incoming workers, this one was built too low as well as too fast. Anything more than two storeys high is an event. The one really eye-catching

building, right at the end of the High Street, is the public library, opened in the seventies. There's the kind of confident swagger about it which you need in a good civic complex, even if taxpayers grumble. But the little square in front knocks the shine off it. It looks like a benefit night for the street furniture industry. And the tatteredness of the "new" Scunthorpe market building at the side makes the scene even sadder. The square behind is more woe-gone still. The church of St John, which looks worth a visit, is stifled in scaffolding and quite unattractive; the library shows its back; other buildings scattered around are wretchedly scruffy; and there's a derelict patch in the middle where they seem to have knocked something down — perhaps to create a green, which is what it needs. —It's not a bad place; it simply cries out for the sense of occasion which Wigan has cer-

tainly got and Barnsley too in places, though I'm not so sure about Basingstoke. Never mind: there is always Louth to the south. Drive 35 miles or so down the A15 (don't attempt it by public transport: it takes the best part of three hours, via Grimsby) and you come to a treat: a bustling, friendly, intimate town packed with episodes of good townscape. Westgate and Eastgate and Upgate and Bridge Street and Mercer Row are full of the kind of townscape to surprise and delight, with handsome buildings and quirky ones and the sort of crooked streets and alleys which tempt you to explore. How well we used to do these things, often almost by accident. One shouldn't be sentimental, but the difference between these places, I can't help feeling, is that Scunthorpe was done in a rush on accountancy calculation, but Louth was built with love.

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Justin Fashanu

# Star who lost his way in a cloud

**J**USTIN Fashanu, who has been found dead at the age of 37, might have become a brilliant footballer if he had lived up to his early teenage promise. Instead, an unhappy relationship with manager Brian Clough, a knee injury that refused to heal and a series of revelations about his sex life led to his gradual demise from budding star to a footballing has-been who resorted to touting allegations about his affairs with MPs to make money and to coaching clubs in North America. At the time of his death he had been charged with the sexual assault of a 17-year-old male by police in Howard County, Maryland.

Fashanu was the elder son of a Nigerian law student and a Guyanese nurse. They split up when he was a child and he and his brother John, also later a footballer, were sent to a Dr Barnardo's home before being adopted by Alfred and Betty Jackson. He grew up in a middle-class home in Norfolk and spoke favourably of the experience of being brought up in a white household.

As a teenager he was a junior heavyweight boxer, making two unsuccessful appearances in ABA finals before deciding on a football career. After leaving school with seven CSEs, at 17 he joined Norwich City as an apprentice and was soon making a name for himself as a goal-scoring centre-forward. In 1980, the 19-year-old scored a magnificent goal, driving a spectacular long-range shot past goalkeeper Bruce Grobelaar into Liverpool's net. Six months later he was signed by Brian Clough for Nottingham Forest as the first black million-pound player. Then things began to go wrong.

At Nottingham, where he had a contract worth £1,000 a week, Fashanu had a difficult time with Clough. The teenager who had impressed journalists with his easy-going



Fashanu became the first footballer to come out as a homosexual, saying that he was unwilling to live a lie, but he later admitted that his stories of seducing MPs at Westminster had been untrue

manner and articulateness did not find favour with Forest's manager, a noted disciplinarian, who referred to Fashanu's "shittiness" and "an articulate image that impressed the impressionable, [which] made it difficult for me to accept Fashanu as genuine and one of us". And Fashanu's playing did not live up to its early promise — in the 32 appearances he made for Forest, he scored only three goals.

When rumours of his homosexuality reached Clough, the relationship deteriorated further. He was finally sacked after failing to turn up for a match against Watford. Fashanu refused to accept his dismissal and attended a training session. Clough, who later called him "a bloody poof", had him escorted from the ground by the police.

In 1982 he was loaned to Southampton, for whom he made nine appearances. The following year he was back in Nottingham on the other side of the Trent playing for Notts County, having been sold by Clough for just £50,000. Under then manager Howard Wilkinson, his playing

blossomed and once again he became a player to watch. In interviews, Fashanu, who had become a born-again Christian, spoke of reading the Bible every day and fitting attending church around training sessions, accompanied by his spiritual adviser. But then a knee injury during a New Year's Eve match in 1983 became infected. An American specialist thought Fashanu had contracted polio. He spent the next two years and £200,000 trying to recover from the injury but by 1985, after 64 appearances and 20 goals for Notts County and a brief move to Brighton, his knee had refused to mend and it seemed that his professional football career was over.

**F**OR the next four years he was in the US and Canada coaching teams. Fashanu was eventually labelled the Walter Mitty of football. He is survived by his brother John, half-brother Philip and half-sister Dawn.

chester City, West Ham and Leyton Orient, but no English team took him on its books.

Then in 1990 Fashanu gave an interview to the Sun in which he claimed to have had sex with fellow players and an MP. His decision to become the first footballer to come out, he said, had been motivated by his unwillingness to live a lie, but later he admitted that the money he received had also helped pay for medical bills and that stories of seducing MPs at Westminster had been untrue.

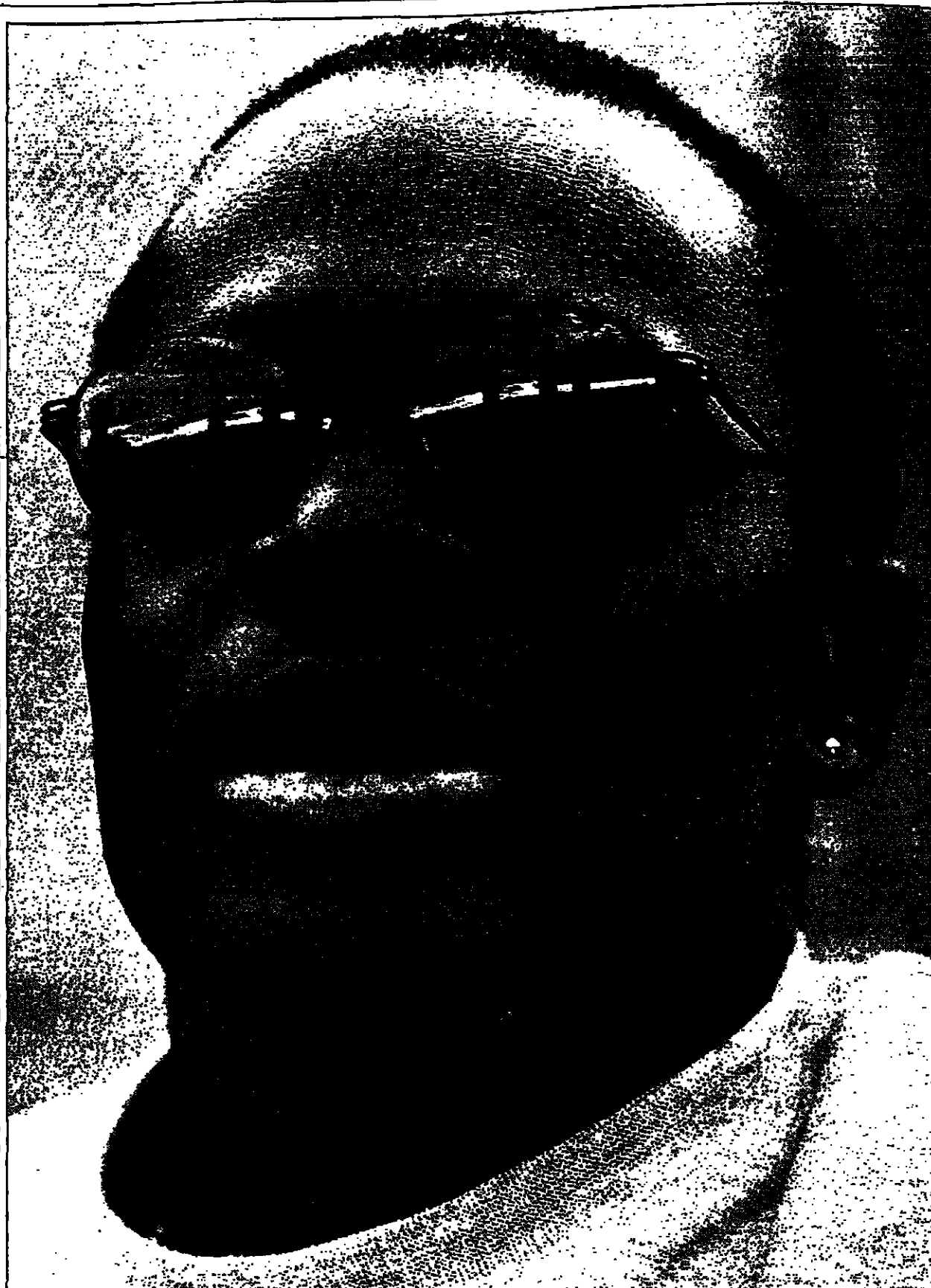
In 1991 he was signed by Third Division Torquay United for whom he scored 10 goals. He then moved to Scotland, making 16 appearances in 1992 for Airdrie. The following year he was taken on by Hearts, his 14th club. As with other moves, he was back in the press telling journalists how much he loved his new-found home and how he hoped to put injury behind him. But in 1994 he was dismissed for "conduct unbecoming a professional footballer". Fashanu, short of money, had been trying to sell a story about affairs with two Tory Cabinet ministers. Had either story been substantiated, he stood to make £300,000. As it was, he moved abroad.

Early in his career he won the respect of fellow players for his hard work and lack of prima donna airs, and fans loved him for being down-to-earth. Journalists took to him because he gave them the stories they wanted, whether it be comments about opera and classical music for the broadsheets or more affairs for the tabloids. But, after one revelation too many, Fashanu was eventually labelled the Walter Mitty of football.

He is survived by his brother John, half-brother Philip and half-sister Dawn.

Isobel Montgomery

Justin Fashanu, footballer, born February 19, 1961; died May 2, 1998



Fashanu... found gayness and God but failed to fulfil his promise as a footballer

PHOTOGRAPH ANDY LANE

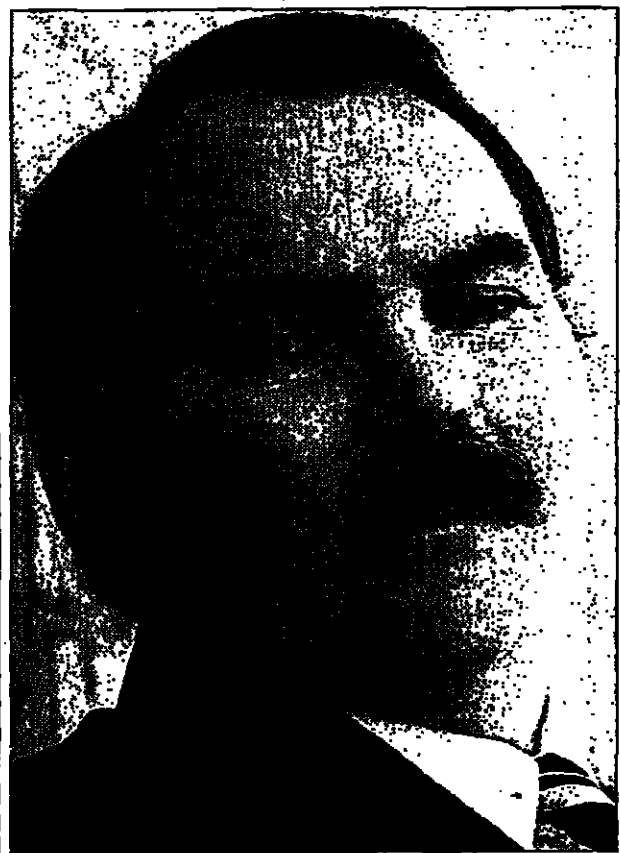
Kevin Lloyd

## Actor's affinity with anarchy

**K**EVIN Lloyd, the actor who has died aged 49 after a long and losing battle with alcohol, had a natural affinity with the anarchic. Arguably, with drink as only a symptom, it killed him. The television public may always see him as Detective Constable "Tosh" Lines in *The Bill* who for 10 years, if on the side of the angels, was not always a police officer in love with the Queensberry rules. He also appeared in other mass audience television series with a crime background such as *Minder*, *Z Cars* and *Bergerac* as well as less predictable (for him) television shows such as *The Borgias*.

It was trying with anarchy in the live theatre that originally made him well known. With his heavy moustache, lopsided face and the eyes of a stricken animal, he was natural casting not only for Tosh Lines but for stage plays such as Joe Orton's wild attack on prurience, *What the Butler Saw*, or J M Synge's classic *The Playboy of the Western World*, in which a feckless Irish lad at last wins respect in the community with the story that he has just murdered his father.

Lloyd's own father, a Derby policeman, was killed in his car while answering an emergency call when Kevin was still young. As a child Lloyd had to contend with Perthes



Kevin Lloyd... popular figure on *The Bill* set

disease, a bone condition affecting his hip. Although, as he recounted in last year's autobiography *The Man Who Loved Too Much*, it caused him severe pain and a limp, he overcame it to the extent of becoming a cricket and football player of note at school — and a lifetime supporter of Derby County Football Club. He never had any recreational interests apart from watching sport.

For a while after leaving school he trained as a solicitor but did not sit the second part of his examinations. Instead, he was trained at the East 15 Acting School in London. He made his stage debut in 1973 in Oscar Wilde's ele-

gant comedy *The Importance of Being Earnest* and his first London stage appearance in the original production of Orton's *What the Butler Saw*. But Lloyd never really felt at home in London — so that, while working seven days a week on *The Bill*, he chose to commute each day from his Derbyshire cottage to London studios or locations. He claimed he regarded the cast of the programme as his family; but it was his long-suffering wife, Lesley, by whom he had two daughters and four sons (they adopted a seventh child, a daughter) who represented stability. When his drinking finally exceeded her patience in 1995, after 22

years, the grim writing was on the wall.

Last year his wife picketed the television studios with a placard asking him to pay maintenance for their seven children. Stories appeared in the tabloids about his drinking and alleged violent behaviour. He blamed the drink on the pressure of doing *The Bill* every day of the week, maintaining that he needed it to keep him going — though the diabetes he had contracted at 40 clearly indicated that, if he persisted in taking huge amounts of alcohol, his life might be at risk.

Early this year the produc-

Lloyd blamed the drink on the pressure of doing *The Bill* every day of the week

ers of *The Bill* paid for him to be treated at a Birmingham clinic, but he did not respond to treatment and left. Appearing for an episode late and obviously the worse for drink, he had to make 20 attempts at one take and was fired from the series which reportedly had made him £100,000 a year. His final five-day drinking spree after this dismissal was too much for his constitution. He was taken from the Derbyshire pub in which he had been drinking to hospital in Burton-on-Trent where he died. According to other members of cast, he was a popular figure whose central problem could not be wished away, despite their goodwill and that of the show's producers.

Dennis Barker

Kevin Lloyd, actor, born March 28, 1949; died May 2, 1998

Dominique Aury

## The author of O

**D**OMINIQUE Aury, who has died aged 90, was for half a century a pillar of the French cultural establishment. Yet she will be remembered less for his influence on modern French literature than as the key to one of the most celebrated literary mysteries of the 20th century.

She was born Anne Desclès into a cultured, academic family in the Charente and was educated in Paris, at the Lycée Fénelon. She took a degree in English, which later qualified her as a translator, and laid the basis for her later interest in modern art at the Ecole du Louvre.

She taught for a while in the 1930s but her life changed at the start of the war when she met Jean Paulhan, the long-serving editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* (NRF), France's most prestigious literary review. Aury, as she was then known, fell in love with Paulhan and collaborated with him on *Les Lettres Françaises*, which he co-founded in 1941. She wrote literary journalism published in an anthology of religious poetry (1943) and, with Paulhan, edited a selection of Resistance writings in 1947. She continued to work closely with him, but by the 1950s was making an independent career as a literary midwife.

In 1962, she became general secretary to the NRF, which gave her a privileged view of the post-war literary renaissance. She acted as reader and editor for Gallimard, then the flagship publisher of the best of the new literature. Aury continued as a translator (among her authors were Yukio Mishima and Evelyn Waugh) but published few books. Yet in 1994, she

admitted that to *La Littérature est une Fête* (1986) and *Traité des jours sombres* (1992), should be added one further title: the *Histoire d'O*, which caused a sensation when it appeared in 1954.

It tells how a young woman, a fashion photographer, allows herself to be chained, whipped and mercilessly



Aury... an erotic classic

abused, surrendering her freedom and will to the fantasies of two men who finally cover her head with an owl mask and make her available to others. The detail is graphic and the masochism of the victim is matched only by the sadism of her tormentors. The book was banned and in the furors of censorship was attributed to Raymond Queneau, André Malraux, Peyre de Mandaragui, even Paulhan himself, who, in his preface, described it as "the most ardent love letter" he had ever read. Written with considerable style and intelligence, the *Histoire d'O* was admired by judges as different as Georges Bataille and

Graham Greene and was translated into many languages. In 1976, it resurfaced as an unremarkable film during French cinema's porno boom. It was only in 1984, in an interview with the New Yorker, that Aury explained why and how she had written one of the century's erotic classics.

Sensing that Paulhan was falling out of love, and being no longer young and attractive, she responded by taking up his artistic challenge by writing the pornographic novel he believed no woman could write. Paulhan was won over by her strange love-letter and their liaison continued until his death in 1962.

Aury did not own up because she did not wish to shock her family. She hid under the pseudonym Pauline Réage, choosing Pauline in memory of Pauline Borghese and Pauline Roland, a 19th-century feminist, and finding Réage in an estate-agent's brochure. The heroine was at first Odile, but Aury had a friend of that name and, again not wishing to cause offence, settled for 'O', which critics have enjoyed turning into a mystical, philosophical and symbolic zero.

That such a book, so clear in its perception of male fantasies, should have been written by a woman is strange enough. But it is stranger still that it should have been written by Dominique Aury, one of the most cultured, distinguished and measured minds of her generation.

David Coward

Dominique Aury (Anne Desclès), writer and translator, born September 23, 1907; died April 30, 1998

Birthdays

Frith Banbury, theatre director, 88; Rev Prof Charles Barrett, theologian, 81; Michael Barrymore, entertainer, 46; Maynard Ferguson, jazz trumpeter, band leader, 70; Richard Hill, rugby player, 37; Brian Innes, jazz musician and writer, 70; Dr Sandy Macara, chairman, British Medical Association, 65; Martyn Moxon, cricketer, 38; Muhammad Hosni Mubarak, president of Egypt, 70; Liz Robertson, actress and singer, 44; Prof Marisa Robles, harpist, 61; Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, conductor, 67; Edwin Russell, sculptor, 55; Eric Sykes, comedian, 75; Gillian Tindall, writer, historian, 60; John Watson, racing driver, 52; Prof Basil Yamey, economist, 79.

## CORRECTIONS & CLARIFICATIONS

**WE CONFUSED** readers with conflicting reports about Chris Patten on successive days. On page 3, April 28, under the heading, Patten to head Ulster policing inquiry, we said he "would have to report later than the summer of 1999". By taking the appointment Mr Patten... would effectively rule himself out of party politics, at least until the next election." The following day, on page 9, we said "If he completes his task in Belfast by July 1999, as envisaged in the Stormont agreement, he will be free to look for a parliamentary seat long before the next election." In the first report, should have read "no later than the summer of 1999". The second report is correct as it stands.

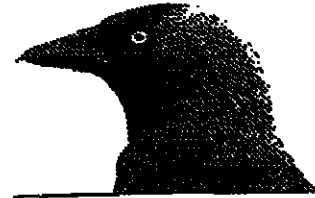
A MAP which accompanied our report of the findings of the Watford train crash inquiry, page 7, early editions April 30, showed the Metropolitan line and not the main line railway on which the accident occurred.

**The office of the Readers' Editor, Ian Myles, will be closed to telephone callers today. Otherwise the office can be contacted by telephoning 0171 239 5999, between 11am and 5pm, Tuesday to Friday. Letters: The Guardian, 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk**

## Memorial Services

**GOODENHOUGH**, Cecilia, a distinguished pianist, 84, died Saturday May 2, St Edmund, Cornwall. Funeral service 10.30am, St Edmund, Cornwall. Friends may wish to place their own memorial in the church.

Jackdaw



Lusty ladies

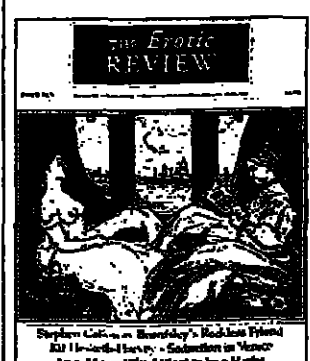
**IF** Eros came back to me one night with a feather-lined time machine and told me he could take me back, as anybody I like, I would without hesitation ask to go back to the 18th century. But not as one of the notorious Hell-fire Club, nor indeed as a

glamorous socialite like Georgia, Duchess of Devonshire. I would ask to be a fresh-faced maiden arriving for the first time in London on the back of a country wagon, in the search of erotic adventure.

The true heroines of the 18th century are its harlots: free-spirited and lustful in all sense of the word. Their names alone are sexy — De-foe's Moll Flanders, Hogarth's Moll Hackabout, Cleland's Fanny Hill, Gay's Jenny Diver. As are those of the real-life courtesans, like Sally Salisbury, Fanny Murray and Harriette Wilson. A group of Fanny Murray's admirers famously sauced her silk slippers in butter and ate them, to "testify their affection" for her. *Saucy slippers, in the Erotic Review.*

Eye eye

**"YOUR eyes play a vital role in romantic encounters," says psychologist Dr David Lewis. "Eyes meeting across a crowded room have long been**



seen as the design of love at first sight, and when we are attracted to another person, our pupils enlarge, sending out a subconscious signal of desire. If that dilation is mutual, it could well mean love — or at least shared desire." Eye colour has its own social significance, he adds. Blue irises are associated with health and energy, while brown-eyed individuals are seen as reliable and trustworthy. As for green... well, jealousy isn't called the green-eyed monster for nothing. *The eyes have it, says ATTITUDE*

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Jackdaw wants jewels. E-mail jackdaw@guardian.co.uk; fax 0171 713 6366; write Jackdaw, The Guardian, 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER.

Hannah Pool

A Country Diary

**DONANA NATIONAL PARK**, SPAIN: In his book *Fever Pitch*, Nick Hornby defines the ultimate football victory as a 3-2 win, after your side's losing 2-0 at half-time. At the Casa de Vetalengua in the heart of western Europe's most important wetland we experienced its birding equivalent.

We were looking for the Spanish Imperial Eagle, a species whose global population is about 160 pairs. All are in Iberia, and Donana is a major stronghold with 11 pairs.

We had been watching for several hours, sifting through scores of raptors that circled above the park's seemingly endless horizon of marsh and pine woodland. In fact we ac-

tually saw an Imperial Eagle, but it was a distant gnat-sized speck spalling away until it vanished completely in the slurred heat-haze of midday. This wasn't the way to see one of the world's rarest birds of prey. To make matters worse, our guide described how he had seen one here just yesterday; how they regularly quartered the marshes, cutting a wake of pure terror through the wildfowl, flamingos and herons; how they were his favourite bird and how he had once seen one catch and kill a goose in spectacular fashion.

While all this fed our sense of expectation, we eventually peaked and began to subside, slumping finally into a mood of defeat. We had failed and

we were packing to go, when suddenly — incredibly — it appeared from nowhere just above our heads. It was an adult with a golden crown, bold creamy patches on its shoulders and a wingspan of around two metres. We watched it for as long as our neck muscles allowed then it circled away, brushing aside two hysterical black kites as if they had been a pair of swallows.

It now seems almost impossible that three days after this unforgettable experience, Donana and its environs were inundated with five million cubic metres of toxic waste, released from a Canadian-owned mining complex 40 kilometres upstream.

MARK COCKER

op job row under  
Euro

...the big six  
...An 11-hour  
...PowerGen  
...US deal in

صلى الله عليه وسلم







## Warwick card

CHRIS HAWKINS	TOP FORM
Principal Danvers	Principal Danvers
Pauline Danvers	Pauline Danvers
Morgan La Fay	Morgan La Fay
Alyssa	Alyssa
Goldman	Goldman
Sea Spouse	Sea Spouse
Atlantic Mist	Atlantic Mist
Wild Canary	Wild Canary

Left-handed back of 11m with 260 run-in; 51 track beats left after halfway.  
 Sealing: Good to soft. \* Denotes blinkers.  
 Long distance travellers: Colonel Carter (3.15) C. Thorne, Yorkshire, 164 miles.  
 Seven day winners: 4.55 Dancing Laverne; 5.55 Equestrian; 5.55 Lethal Machine.  
 Blanked first time: 2.15 Pencilcase; 4.55 Galt; 5.25 Lethal Machine.

## 2.15 E.B.F. PRIMROSE MARDEN FILLES STAKES 3YO

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1113	1114	1115	1116	1117	1118	1119	1120	1121	1122	1123	1124	1125	1126	1127	1128	1129	1130	1131	1132
1133	1134	1135	1136	1137	1138	1139	1140	1141	1142	1143	1144	1145	1146	1147	1148	1149	1150	1151	1152

## 2.45 MAY POLE LIMITED STAKES

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1153	1154	1155	1156	1157	1158	1159	1160	1161	1162	1163	1164	1165	1166	1167	1168	1169	1170	1171	1172
1173	1174	1175	1176	1177	1178	1179	1180	1181	1182	1183	1184	1185	1186	1187	1188	1189	1190	1191	1192

## 3.15 STONELEIGH PARK POLO CLUB HANDICAP 3YO

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1193	1194	1195	1196	1197	1198	1199	1200	1201	1202	1203	1204	1205	1206	1207	1208	1209	1210	1211	1212
1213	1214	1215	1216	1217	1218	1219	1220	1221	1222	1223	1224	1225	1226	1227	1228	1229	1230	1231	1232

## 3.45 STILL MATRONS HANDLING MAIDEN STAKES (Div 1)

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1233	1234	1235	1236	1237	1238	1239	1240	1241	1242	1243	1244	1245	1246	1247	1248	1249	1250	1251	1252
1253	1254	1255	1256	1257	1258	1259	1260	1261	1262	1263	1264	1265	1266	1267	1268	1269	1270	1271	1272

## 4.20 STILL MATRONS HANDLING MAIDEN STAKES (Div 2)

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1273	1274	1275	1276	1277	1278	1279	1280	1281	1282	1283	1284	1285	1286	1287	1288	1289	1290	1291	1292
1293	1294	1295	1296	1297	1298	1299	1300	1301	1302	1303	1304	1305	1306	1307	1308	1309	1310	1311	1312

## 4.55 LEVY BOARD APPRENTICES HANDICAP

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1313	1314	1315	1316	1317	1318	1319	1320	1321	1322	1323	1324	1325	1326	1327	1328	1329	1330	1331	1332
1333	1334	1335	1336	1337	1338	1339	1340	1341	1342	1343	1344	1345	1346	1347	1348	1349	1350	1351	1352

## 5.25 WARWICK SPRING HANDICAP

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1353	1354	1355	1356	1357	1358	1359	1360	1361	1362	1363	1364	1365	1366	1367	1368	1369	1370	1371	1372
1373	1374	1375	1376	1377	1378	1379	1380	1381	1382	1383	1384	1385	1386	1387	1388	1389	1390	1391	1392

## 5.55 MAY QUEEN HANDICAP 3YO

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1393	1394	1395	1396	1397	1398	1399	1400	1401	1402	1403	1404	1405	1406	1407	1408	1409	1410	1411	1412
1413	1414	1415	1416	1417	1418	1419	1420	1421	1422	1423	1424	1425	1426	1427	1428	1429	1430	1431	1432

## Results

NEWMARKET	WARWICK	HAMPTON	SALISBURY
2.15: 1. Lethal Machine (10-1); 2. Lethal Machine (10-1); 3. Lethal Machine (10-1); 4. Lethal Machine (10-1); 5. Lethal Machine (10-1); 6. Lethal Machine (10-1); 7. Lethal Machine (10-1); 8. Lethal Machine (10-1); 9. Lethal Machine (10-1); 10. Lethal Machine (10-1); 11. Lethal Machine (10-1); 12. Lethal Machine (10-1); 13. Lethal Machine (10-1); 14. Lethal Machine (10-1); 15. Lethal Machine (10-1); 16. Lethal Machine (10-1); 17. Lethal Machine (10-1); 18. Lethal Machine (10-1); 19. Lethal Machine (10-1); 20. Lethal Machine (10-1);	2.45: 1. Lethal Machine (10-1); 2. Lethal Machine (10-1); 3. Lethal Machine (10-1); 4. Lethal Machine (10-1); 5. Lethal Machine (10-1); 6. Lethal Machine (10-1); 7. Lethal Machine (10-1); 8. Lethal Machine (10-1); 9. Lethal Machine (10-1); 10. Lethal Machine (10-1); 11. Lethal Machine (10-1); 12. Lethal Machine (10-1); 13. Lethal Machine (10-1); 14. Lethal Machine (10-1); 15. Lethal Machine (10-1); 16. Lethal Machine (10-1); 17. Lethal Machine (10-1); 18. Lethal Machine (10-1); 19. Lethal Machine (10-1); 20. Lethal Machine (10-1);	3.15: 1. Lethal Machine (10-1); 2. Lethal Machine (10-1); 3. Lethal Machine (10-1); 4. Lethal Machine (10-1); 5. Lethal Machine (10-1); 6. Lethal Machine (10-1); 7. Lethal Machine (10-1); 8. Lethal Machine (10-1); 9. Lethal Machine (10-1); 10. Lethal Machine (10-1); 11. Lethal Machine (10-1); 12. Lethal Machine (10-1); 13. Lethal Machine (10-1); 14. Lethal Machine (10-1); 15. Lethal Machine (10-1); 16. Lethal Machine (10-1); 17. Lethal Machine (10-1); 18. Lethal Machine (10-1); 19. Lethal Machine (10-1); 20. Lethal Machine (10-1);	3.45: 1. Lethal Machine (10-1); 2. Lethal Machine (10-1); 3. Lethal Machine (10-1); 4. Lethal Machine (10-1); 5. Lethal Machine (10-1); 6. Lethal Machine (10-1); 7. Lethal Machine (10-1); 8. Lethal Machine (10-1); 9. Lethal Machine (10-1); 10. Lethal Machine (10-1); 11. Lethal Machine (10-1); 12. Lethal Machine (10-1); 13. Lethal Machine (10-1); 14. Lethal Machine (10-1); 15. Lethal Machine (10-1); 16. Lethal Machine (10-1); 17. Lethal Machine (10-1); 18. Lethal Machine (10-1); 19. Lethal Machine (10-1); 20. Lethal Machine (10-1);



## PARTING SHOT

Table manners... Jorg Roskopf of Germany in a picture of concentration as Vladimir Smirnov of Russia serves. The pair went on to win the doubles title at the Euro 98 Table Tennis Championships in Eindhoven.

Photograph by Stefan Petrovic

## How 'clear' OJ fooled us with Ruby Wax

## SCREEN BREAK

Martin Kelner

THE importance in sport of being thoroughly focused was most graphically illustrated this week by the enthusiastic amateur golfer O.J. Simpson, whose stroll around a course with Ruby Wax, despite achieving levels of tastelessness that motorway service stations can only dream of, was the most riveting television sport of the week.

She got to him, but just for a moment. For the most part, Ruby, as his disturbingly large number of admirers still call him, was a living example of the attainment of "clear".

"Clear" is a concept O.J. carries over from his gridiron days, which he explained to Ruby on the way to the course. "You've seen it all, you know it all. Your head is clear of everything else. You're in control, and the pulse of every body in the crowd is being controlled by you."

I know little of Simpson's style as a footballer, but I suspect it included that element of arrogance and swagger they say is the mark of true champions. We can only guess at how the Juice might have reacted if something or someone — an emotional woman, say — were to impinge on his "clear".

Ruby Wax's furious mugging — eyes popping, lip looks to camera — as O.J. explained how he was framed

for Nicole's murder left us in little doubt how she felt he had reacted. Ruby had done her homework. The frame-up would have involved the entire LA Police Department being in on the scheme and making an instant decision to act in concert, something O.J. again explained in football terms. "It's something the police do," he said. "They cover each other's ass. It's like a football team. You don't have to discuss it. Everybody covers for everybody else."

Though some people may feel that was a crucial moment in the semi-final between John Higgins and Ronnie O'Sullivan when Ronnie admitted that he had touched the black with his cue ball, a foul the referee had missed.

Had O'Sullivan kept quiet he could conceivably have taken the frame and got back into the match. "Ronnie's declared the foul. It makes me proud to be a snooker player," said the former champion John Parrott, commenting on the action.

Admirable, of course, but it would not surprise me if the BBC was secretly hoping for Ronnie to defy the code of the green baize for once, win the frame, and go on to win the title since Ken Doherty and John Higgins, though fine players and pleasant young men, are not exactly box office.

Sportsmen behaving well was also a feature of the rugby league cup final at Wembley, which turned out to be far better than anyone dared hope. Wigan had the good grace to have a rare off day and Sheffield showed a Snookersque clarity of pur-

pose (O.J. not Homer) by winning 17-1, enabling those of us who love the game to breathe a sigh of relief at an exciting contest with a satisfying conclusion.

The commentators Ray French and Joe Lydon went easy on the full Monty references, unlike their colleagues on Radio 5 Live and most of the press who, with some justification I suppose, felt rugby league might mean more to a national audience when related to a popular and successful movie.

That I can live with, but might it not be time for the BBC to consider dropping the shot we have had before kick-off for as many years as I can remember. Of Colin Welland and Mr and Mrs Michael Parkinson sitting in the stand? I hate to come over all northern about this, but I am sure I am not alone in finding patronising the attitude that rugby league depends for its credibility on the support of television personalities.

easy about the BBC employing Ruby Wax, this was clearly a valuable programme, demonstrating as it did how firmly rooted in his past as a sports star is O.J. Simpson's deeply self-centred and cynical outlook.

But there is another way. Snooker may not have the physical intensity of American football, but it is still one of the mysteries of sport how well-behaved its top practitioners manage to remain, especially in a competition like the World Championship at the Crucible in Sheffield.

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'Maybe you're better with balls than with women,' said Ruby and, sure enough, OJ sliced his next shot straight into the trees

## Weekend results

## RUGBY UNION

ALLIED DOMINION PREMIERSHIP	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42

## GOLF

ITALIAN OPEN (Milan): Final scores (GB/US unless stated)	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42

## BASEBALL

NEW YORK YANKEES (N.Y.)	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42

## BASEBALL

NEW YORK YANKEES (N.Y.)	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42

## BASEBALL

NEW YORK YANKEES (N.Y.)	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42

## BASEBALL

NEW YORK YANKEES (N.Y.)	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42

## BASEBALL

NEW YORK YANKEES (N.Y.)	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42

## BASEBALL

NEW YORK YANKEES (N.Y.)	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th</
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Sheffield crossed class distinctions with mental strength to beat Wigan 17-8 in rugby league's Challenge Cup final. Report by **Andy Wilson**. Photographs by **Tom Jenkins**

trict, one of those special moments in sport, and we all knew then that we were going to win. We didn't believe we could lose."

Kear's success in instilling into them such self-belief, for a game in which they were given a chance ranging from minuscule to none, surpassed even the remarkable performance of the 16 players used by Sheffield on Saturday. He was happy to share credit for Sheffield's strategy - which also saw their players shouting "98" at the top of their voices in the Wembley tunnel before the game with Barry Johnson, who like Kear, his captain Paul Broadbent and the Eagles' founder Gary Hetherington, is a product of more traditional rugby league territory in Castleford.

Known as a gifted half-back, a prop of the old school, was a member of Castleford's Wembley team in 1986, when Malcolm Reilly was coach and Kear his assistant, and the Tigers were regarded as underdogs only a few notches down the scale.

from Saturday's when they beat Hull Kingston Rovers. Johnson, who like Kear is one of the staff coaches employed by the National Coaching Foundation covering all sport, had kept a diary of that 1986 triumph, and this formed the basis of Kear's preparations. "He went through everything, starting from how he felt when he walked out of the tunnel," explained Kear. "We had mentally rehearsed walking out at Wembley; we'd mentally rehearsed meeting all the dignitaries; we'd mentally rehearsed our kick-off drills, so we knew exactly what

we were going to do. We had played this game before the day in our heads, and it certainly paid off. We developed a unity of belief that 1998 was going to be Sheffield Eagles' year. It might be difficult to comprehend but defeat never entered our minds. Just shows what the mind can do to make the body achieve."

Broadbent, who had first visited Wembley to cheer on Johnson and Castleford in 1986, added: "Our call for the last couple of weeks has been '98. We believed it was destiny, that our names were on the cup." As Kear elaborated, the Eagles were shouting "98" in the tunnel "just to keep them focused, to stop everything getting to them and to give Wigan something to think about."

If Wigan were amused as much as they were unsettled, Sheffield's antics worked for the underdogs, as the Eagles launched a blistering left-wing

Upset in the making... this page, clockwork from top left: the Eagles' ring before the kick-off; full Monty glee: no wheels on their Wigan; Andy Farrell, the Wigan captain, indignant at the referee's indication that he was held up over the line; the Eagles jubilant at the final whistle. Facing page: Tony Smith, Wigan's scrum-half, is typically outnumbered three to one

move on their second set of possession which created the attacking position for Aston to put up a pin-point cross-kick and Nick Pinkney to outjump Jason Robinson and score.

That should have removed any lingering traces of the arrogance which had attended the Eagles' victory at the previous day when there was talk among some of their players of having a bet on who would score the last try. They were to discover the truth of the cliché that the right mental attitude cannot be turned on at a moment's notice.

Wigan actually responded well to Sheffield's opening try. Farrell and Tony Smith — the most eye-catching performer

On either side, with only the threat denying him the Lance Todd Trophy for man of the match - made a number of inroads into the Eagles defence but Sheffield, when their front line was breached, scrambled superbly.

It was clear that Wigan's arrogance did most damage as their players, with the belief that tries would come, repeatedly pushed a final pass when, had they retained possession, they would have scored from the next play.

It was left to Wigan, everyone in the stadium, barring Kear and his players, believed the same thing and it appeared that Sheffield were doing themselves no favours by employing such a basic approach with the ball, with four one-man drives and an occasional kick to break the tackles. However Kears' tactics were justified by a second try after 28 minutes which, like the first, had its origins in a superb break by Matt Crowther, Eagles' left-wing.

Crowther, from Huddersfield, tall and wild, was another contender for the Lance Todd, a series of side-stepping runs giving Sheffield their only first-half let-ups

from the Wigan onslaught. Although Pinkney appeared to have wasted his second such contribution when he failed to keep the ball alive on the sixth tackle, an astonishing error by Wigan - nobody going in to dummy-half when David Lloyd was in the area - near his own line, gifted possession back to the Eagles and Crowther squeezed over in the opposite corner.

As cushions go, 10-0 after half an hour against Wigan at Wembley is hardly comfortable, even minutes into the Donny life support. But it was up to 17-2 with a third try from the substitute Darren Turner, following Aston's drop goal before the interval, but the crowd were back on edge when Robbie McCormack, Henry Paul and Denis Markland punished beautifully for Mark Bell to score the game's best try.

Still, though, Sheffield believed they could win and they forced their exhausted bodies into yet more exhausting defence. Broadbent was out on the forwards to buckle against for 68 minutes before Bear finally gave him a breather. His propping partner, the Barnsley boy Dale

Lampton, made a similar impact in two shorter spells.

Aston, in his crucial second-half tackle on Farrell, held the ball up over the line, although Farrell was convinced he grounded it. Aston's half-back partner Dave Watson awarded the defensive score as his side dedicated it to his father, who is suffering from Alzheimer's disease back home in New Zealand.

But the Sheffield spirit was encapsulated best by Waisale Sovatubua, who first came to Britain from Fiji as a 17-year-old at the 1985 World Cup and is now settled in York.

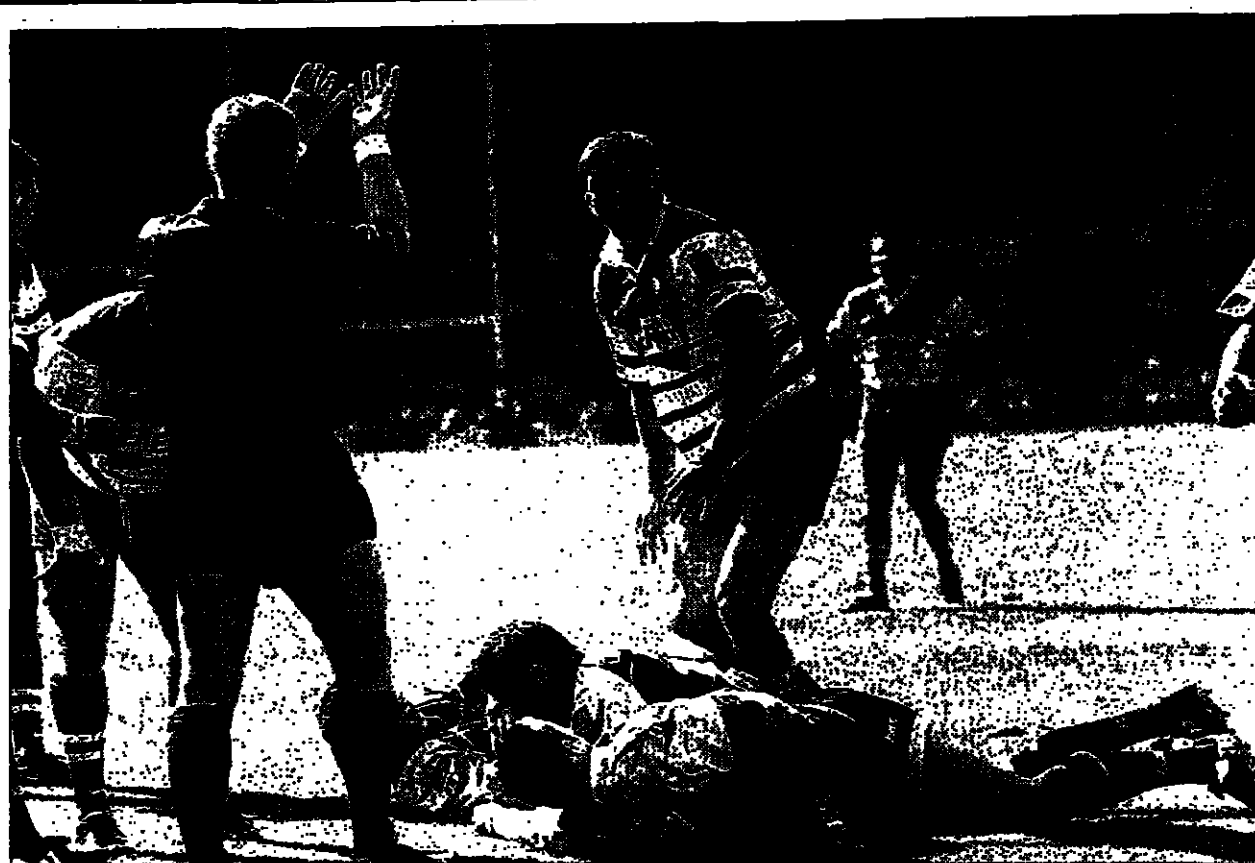
"I was a waste of money," said Keir, "but, when it was his turn to say what he was prepared to do to help us win, that said it all for me. He just said 'anything'."

Scores: **Sheffield Eagles:** Tripp Plinkney (pen), Crowther (26), Turner (51).  
**York City Knights:** Turner (10), Wigney (27), Bell (58), Farnell (2).

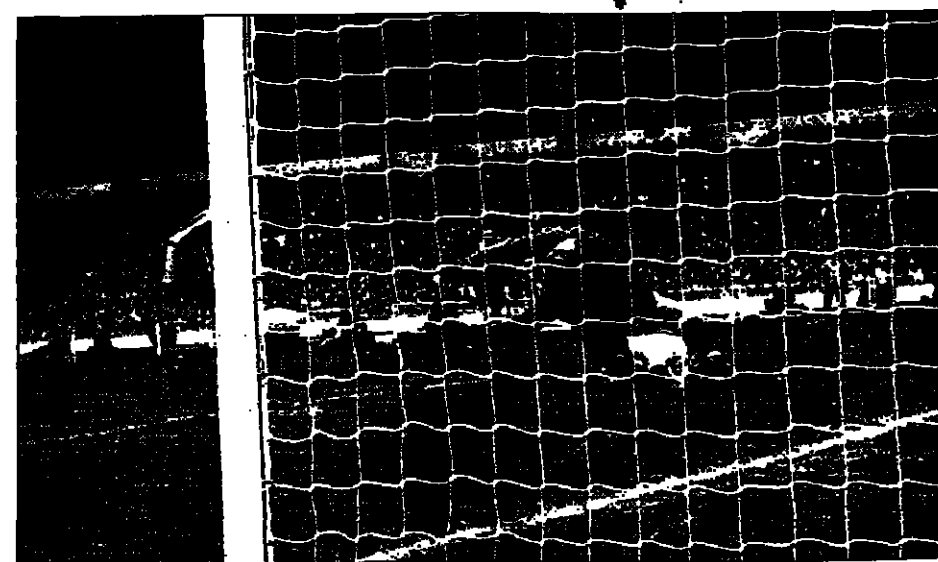
**Sheffield Eagles:** Sovatubua; Plinkney, Turner, Senior, Crowther, Watson, Aston, Keir, Jones, O'Connor, Wigney, Jackson, Shaw, Doyle, Sweeney, Turner.  
Jackson, Stott (not used), Wood.

**Wigan Warriors:** Redfield, Bell, Connolly, Moore, Hoggins, Mearns, Manning, McCoombe, Hodgkin, Bristow, McEneaney, Wright, Sweeney, Gower, O'Connor.

Referee: S.G. Symington



**Frank Keating** recalls Montgomery's double save 25 years ago that helped lowly Sunderland beat mighty Leeds 1-0 in the FA Cup final



**Halfway to history ... Montgomery makes part one of his double save**

**O**N May 5 1973, to general rejoicing outside Yorkshire, Sunderland won the FA Cup final 1-0 against Leeds United - the solitary goal being scored by Ian Porterfield in the 32nd minute - to become the first Second Division club to win the trophy since West Bromwich Albion in 1911.

The Sunderland manager was Bob Stokoe, a much-travelled journeyman who had gone to Roker Park that season in the seemingly forlorn hope of reviving a weebegone club with his optimism and impulsive gumption. He stirred sad spirits and amid mounting Wearside clamour, the team beat Notts County, Manchester City and Arsenal to arrive at Wembley.

At the final whistle that May day Stokoe was famously to be seen, in flapping gaberdine raincoat and check rattle, baring across the pitch to embrace his green-jerseyed goalkeeper Jim Montgomery.

Leeds were not only the FA Cup holders but a feared power across Europe under the stewardship of Don Revie who, in contrast to Stokoe's engaging seat-of-pants optimism, invested his side with a

narrow-eyed and uncompromising "professionalism," which gave his gifted side no end of sharp edges and persecuted insecurities.

Their one allowed substitute Terry Yorath made up a full dozen internationals fielded by Leeds that day; the Sunderland team was no current international but Stoke's side nevertheless revolved around a streetwise, unafraid tuncat in Dave Watson, Dennis Tearn, Bobby Kerr, the aware and elegant Porterfield and Montgomery.

He was slight for a goalkeeper, almost balding, but he was fast, supple and athletic. "My monkey on a stick," Stoke had boasted, fondly and with prescience, to the television cameras at the team's hotel in Surrey on the morning of the final.

"Monty" was Roker through and through, having signed for Sunderland on his 17th birthday in October 1960. In all he was to play 537 games for the club before putting his boots to rest at St. James' in Southampton, Nottingham Forest and Birmingham City. He later returned contentedly to the Roker backroom and was still with his beloved club when they made their next

appearance in a Wembley final 35 years later.

In 1973 he had won a string of England youth and under-23 caps but he was never to play in a full international; Gordon Banks, Ray Clemence and the Peters, Bonetti and Shilton, were ahead of him in the queue.

His first taste of the footballer's laurels for posterity rest on one blinding, split-second reaction at 4.21pm at Wembley that May 5.

After Porterfield's well-struck goal Sunderland held their lead comfortably enough until halftime, at the end of which the referee blew the whistle back to the pitch. They passed like a gale the Leeds players as they straggled from the tunnel in ones and twos: it was a singular piece of psychological one-upmanship.

Nor were Sunderland intimidated as Billy Bremner and John Giles increasingly freed themselves to move forward from midfield. Peter Lorimer hit one screamer narrowly wide of McGovern's post, but the safety of the goal-pouch Allan Clarke was twice denied at the last ditch. But at the other end Tueart and Porterfield let rip two shots in defiant retort.

With less than half an hour

left, Leeds might well have been awarded a penalty when Watson tripped Bremner but the referee, Alan Birrell, Stourbridge, gave Watson the benefit of the doubt and, as he waved play on, it was clear the complaining Cup holders had been stirred to retaliation and the Second Division club would play dearly as the match wore on. Leeds were to sustain its confidence and counter their pressure and bore down on Montgomery's goal.

Lorimer fed Paul Reaney – a pioneer wing-back – on the right and his fast, precise, early cross was met by the head of Trevor Cherry, hurriedly in for goal on an overlap at the far post.

Already wrong-footed by moving to his right, Montgomery threw himself to his left, twisting like a cat off a drain-pipe, to parry the fierce header with his left arm.

From there the ball ran free and almost sat up and begged in front of the in-rushing Lorimer, famed as the most powerful shooter of a ball in the British game. He could have gently slipped it into the net either side of the floored Montgomery. But this was a Cup final for publicity, so the cannonball hit Dickie's hips and selected his right

ver Lorimer exuberantly swung his celebrated right foot to send the ball for the heart of goal and to flat-cap Montgomery's right. The flicking of his toe replays do no real justice to the blink-of-an-eye saga but four Leeds players are already hailing a goal and their centre-forward Mick Jones is turning to congratulate Lorimer before he had struck the ball. But Sunderland's goalkeeper had half-taken to one knee and, as the shot exploded a yard or so from him, in another blur of feline agility, Montgomery had turned and corkscrewed himself back and to his right, parallel to his line. With his left arm wronged, he half-crawled at the ball - fingers, ball-of-thumb and wrist - and the thunderbolt flew away from his net, up and on to the underside of the bar along which it slewed to safety amid the bank of cameramen. The deed was done. Leeds United 0, Sunderland 1.

These days Montgomery will smilingly oblige if you ask for heroic memory's sake, to shake his left hand. "When I die," he says, "it's going to be embalmed and put in the Sun."

[illegible]







In the 5-page sports section



**Mind games**  
How Sheffield  
caught Wigan  
on the hop  
**page 14**



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# The Guardian Sport

Monday May 4 1998 www.football.guardian.co.uk

**Arsenal take the title in their stride in a record winning run**

**Premiership: Arsenal 4 Everton 0**

## Champions to the power of 10

### Everton gets sinking feeling

David Lacey

IN THE end Arsenal passed the winning post without either breaking their stride or using the whip. An emphatic 4-0 victory over Everton before an ecstatic crowd at Highbury confirmed their 11th championship — and their first as winners of the Premiership — and Arsène Wenger as the first foreign manager to lead a team to the English title.

Coronations should never be postponed — that only invites a coup — and there was never much chance of Arsenal having to wait any longer for the three points

#### Arsenal's record

League Champions: 1990-91, 1992-93, 1993-94, 1994-95, 1995-96, 1996-97, 1997-98, 1998-99  
FA Cup winners: 1980, 1991, 1998, 1999  
League Cup winners: 1997-98  
Double winners: 1997-98  
European Cup winners: 1993-94  
Fairs Cup winners: 1993-94

they needed to put themselves beyond the reach of Manchester United. They were in a different league from Everton, a statement which will become an actuality next Sunday if Bolton win at Chelsea or Coventry beat Howard Kendall's sagging side at Goodison.

Yesterday Everton's first relegation since 1951 appeared only slightly less of a foregone conclusion than Arsenal's first title since 1951. Their resistance, brief and passive, collapsed once Steven Nouri had headed into his own net after four minutes.

A goal either side of half-time from Marc Overmars turned the rest of the match into a carnival and then Tony Adams, the Arsenal captain, provided the perfect ending with a fourth in the penultimate minute. It was Arsenal's 10th successive league vic-

tory, a club record, and extended their unbeaten run in the Premiership to 18 games.

Manchester United could not live with this inexorable surge, so reminiscent of Liverpool in the Eighties. Wenger picked out Arsenal's two victories over United as the crucial results, and rightly so.

Now the new champions have just under a fortnight to contemplate their second league and FA Cup Double. They meet Newcastle United at Wembley on Saturday week and are even stronger favourites to win this final than they were in 1971, when they beat Liverpool to add the Cup to the championship they had taken at Tottenham five nights earlier.

Certainly Wenger and his squad need the breathing space. Dennis Bergkamp, Arsenal's principal conjurer, is already missing the remainder of the league programme with a hamstring injury and is a major doubt for Wembley. For a time yesterday Arsenal feared they had lost Emmanuel Petit, one half of their inspired Gallic combination in midfield, who was put out of the match by a dreadful tackle from Everton's Don Hutchison at the end of the first half. Gerald Ashby, in his last game, ended with five Everton names in his book.

The Arsenal bench feared a broken leg when Hutchison went in high with both feet and tackled the Frenchman just below his right knee. Fortunately X-rays showed no fracture and Wenger hopes Petit will miss nothing more than Wednesday's lap of honour at Liverpool.

Before the end others who had contributed to Arsenal's triumph were able to take their bows. Ian Wright, having not started a match since mid-January, came on for the last 18 minutes. Steve Bould appeared for the last 10, played in midfield and produced the long pass which sent in Adams, his centre-back partner, for the last goal.

Yesterday there was no change to the patterns of passing and movement which had

set Arsenal up for the title. During the first half, when game and championship were being won, Petit and Patrick Vieira, both strong in the tackle and quick to break out of defence, again provided the springboard for Arsenal's counter-attacks.

With Overmars dropping deep at set pieces, Everton were at their most vulnerable when they pushed up for free-kicks and only an excellent save by Thomas Myrre, their Norwegian goalkeeper, denied Arsenal a goal in the opening minute after Christopher Wreh's shot had threatened to round off a brisk counter-attack. Three minutes later Adams rose behind Bilic as Petit's corner swung towards the far post, only for

**Others who had contributed to Arsenal's triumph were able to take their bows**

the Croatian's head to do the job for him.

Arsenal had scarcely had time to show any nerves, and the rest was easy. Two minutes before the half-hour, with Petit still on the ground after an encounter with John O'Shea for which the Everton man was booked, Nicolas Anelka released Overmars, whose pace had already destroyed Everton on the left, and the Dutch winger ran half the length of the field before scoring with a shot which the diving Myrre allowed to slip through his arms.

Twelve minutes into the second half, with Highbury already in the throes of noisy celebration, Anelka exploited a mistake by Michael Ball to send Overmars past Dave Watson for Arsenal's third. Adams's late goal was a bonus for the team and a fitting reward for the way he has led the side to another championship. Now the Double beckons.



Crowning glory... Tony Adams grasps the trophy after scoring in the Gunners' 10th successive victory

TOM JENKINS

## All things bright and bubbly in a Wenger wonderland

Martin Thorpe finds Highbury's gamble has been fully vindicated as a man of true depth finally delivers the goods

THE game began with an own-goal, which is exactly what most people thought Arsenal had scored when they appointed Arsène Wenger at the beginning of last season.

But despite the cries of Arsène Who?, the doubts about a professional Frenchman strutting the marble halls, the cries of shame at the sudden sacking of Bruce Rioch, there was always something prophetic about a man called Arsène managing Arsenal. Now, if anyone were bothered, the cry would be "Bruce Who?"

Despite meeting initial hostility from the club's fans who wanted Johann Cruyff as manager, Wenger, speaking from Japan where he was en-camped waiting for his contract with Grampus 8 to expire, remained philosophical.

"Wenger Wonderland" and the man himself finally, splendidly letting his mask slip as he lifted the trophy. He should smile more often. It suits him. "I thought I had to keep my emotions until now in case we did not win the title after coming from behind so well," he said. "That would have been disastrous. But now, winning this is, I think, my best achievement in football."

Wenger was quick to pay tribute to the directors who had shown faith in his appointment. Len Shackleton once wrote a book which included a blank page to emphasise what he felt football directors knew about football, but this time the Arsenal board deserved every word of praise.

"I'm proud to be the first foreigner to win the championship," said Wenger. "I know how difficult it is to win. This is one way for me to show the confidence that

of honour, as Ian Wright sprayed champagne over the fans, as Patrick Vieira emphasised the fabulous team spirit which Wenger described as "the star of the season" by acting as a crutch for Emmanuel Petit as he hobbled round the pitch with a badly gashed leg.

It was no laughing matter, however, when Arsenal were 13 points adrift of Manchester United. Wenger felt the title was out of reach. "Yes, I really thought we couldn't win it then. Of course I didn't say it but I thought even a Champions League place was beyond us."

Yesterday Alex Ferguson said Arsenal were worthy champions. "They deserve to win it after the way they've done the business," the United manager said. "Any team that wins the league has to be congratulated because it's such a hard league to win."

in their final game against Coventry would see them drop from the top flight for the first time.

"Our confidence is really low, and we've got to pick ourselves up," Kendall said. "But even then it depends on Bolton's result at Chelsea. What we don't want is for Chelsea to go out in their flip-flops like they have been doing in recent games."

Wenger's thoughts were also moving ahead, not just to the FA Cup final: "I am going out tonight to dinner and having a good French wine." He has promised his wife a week's holiday at the end of this month, but then it is back to business.

The Arsenal fans had been chanting "Are you watching, Tottenham?" Certainly the bedraggled arch-rivals would have been looking on enviously. When Christian Gross held his first press conference at

#### Ups and downs

##### Premiership

- Champions: Arsenal
- Also promoted: Arsenal and Manchester United
- Cup Winners' Cup: Newcastle and Chelsea
- UEFA Cup: Three out of Liverpool, Chelsea, Leeds, Blackburn, Aston Villa, Leicester, Derby, West Ham or Coventry
- Relegated: Crystal Palace, and Barnsley plus one of Everton, Bolton, Wimbledon or Tottenham

##### First Division

- Champions: Nottingham Forest
- Also promoted: Middlesbrough
- Play-offs: Sheffield v Sunderland, Ipswich v Charlton (1st leg Sun May 10; 2nd leg Wed May 13; final Mon May 25)
- Relegated: Reading plus two of Manchester City, Stoke, Portsmouth, Port Vale, Bury or QPR

##### Second Division

- Champions: Watford
- Also promoted: Bristol City
- Play-offs: Fulham v Grimsby, Bristol Rovers v Northampton (1st leg Sat May 9/Sun May 10; 2nd leg Wed May 13; final Sun May 24)
- Relegated: Southend, Carlisle, Plymouth, Bradford

##### Third Division

- Champions: Notts County
- Also promoted: Lincoln
- Play-offs: Barnet v Colchester, Scarborough v Torquay (1st leg Sun May 10; 2nd leg Wed May 13; final Fri May 22)
- Relegated: Doncaster (half promoted from GM National Conference)

##### Remaining fixtures

Today: Manchester United v Leeds (5.00)  
Tomorrow: Crystal Palace v West Ham (7.45)  
Wednesday: Liverpool v Arsenal (7.45)  
Next Sunday: Aston Villa v Arsenal; Barnsley v Manchester United; Blackburn v Newcastle; Chelsea v Bolton; Crystal Palace v Sheffield Wednesday; Derby v Liverpool; Everton v Coventry; Leeds v Wimbledon; Spurs v Southampton; West Ham v Leicester

##### Scottish Premier

- Champions: Celtic or Rangers
- Champions League: Celtic or Rangers
- Cup Winners' Cup: Hearts or Rangers
- UEFA Cup: Two of five of Celtic, Hearts, Kilmarnock, Rangers, St Johnstone
- Relegated: Hibernian

##### First Division

- Champions: Dundee
- Relegated: Ayr or Partick, and Stirling

##### Second Division

- Champions: Livingston
- Stranraer or Clydebank
- Also promoted: Livingston, Stranraer or Clydebank
- Relegated: Brechin and one of Forfar, Clyde or Stenhousemuir

##### Third Division

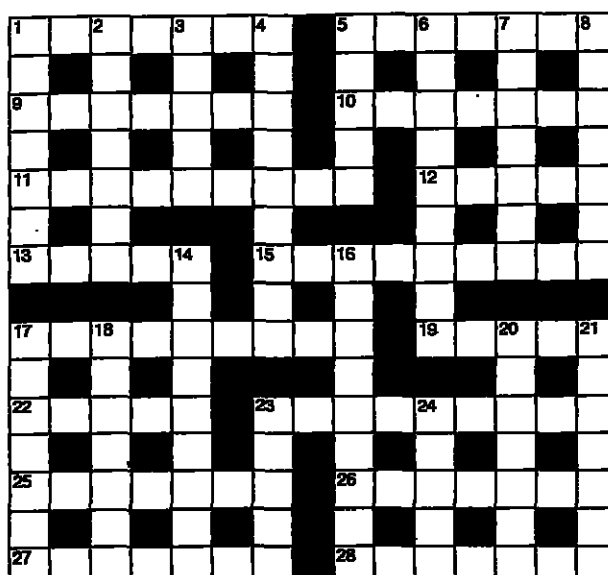
- Champions: Alloa
- Also promoted: Arbroath or Ross County

##### Remaining fixtures

Saturday: Premier Division: Celtic v St Johnstone; Dundee v Rangers; Hearts v Dundee; Dunfermline; Kilmarnock v Hibernian; Motherwell v First Division: Falkirk v Arbroath; Greenock Morton v Stirling; Partick v Ayr; Raith v Hamilton; St Mirren v Dundee. Second Division: Brechin v Clydebank; Clyde v Stranraer; East Fife v Forfar; Livingston v Inverness; Col; Queen of South v Stenhousemuir. Third Division: Albion v

#### Guardian Crossword No 21,265

Set by Crispa

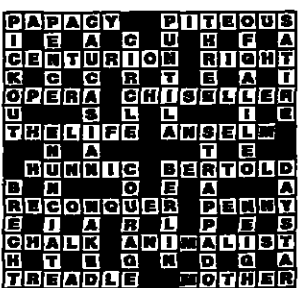


#### Across

- Fruit called for by a Moslem princess (7)
- Kind of liquid refreshment set beside the driver (7)
- He's no dreamer where a catalogue's concerned (7)
- Repeatedly accommodate an extra man (7)
- Maybe see as bent people not attending (5)
- A writer of English backing hard work (5)
- Almost too nice to be used as a mixer (5)
- The more distinguished

#### Down

- Just the minimum illumination is to be turned on please! (5)
- The main overseas should have this in hand (7)
- Walter's crooked — a good-for-nothing (7)
- A member of the family moves over (7)
- A noisy nursery for high-born black youngsters (7)
- Help firm to acquire the right vehicle (7)
- Put oils in a synthesis to form a bond (7)
- Lounge appropriated by an outsider (5)



WINNERS OF PRIZE PUZZLE 21,265  
This week's winners of a Collins English Dictionary are Clare Martin of Preston, Lancashire, A.N. Barratt of Cambridge, M.H. Thoulous of Stretton, Shropshire, A. Gunning of Guildford, Surrey, and Norah Summers of Falkirk, Scotland. Please allow 28 days for delivery

- Hearty though non-alcoholic drink (7)
- The landlord holding a key to get back inside (2-5)
- She doesn't expect to succeed all on her own (2-7)
- Look daggers about objective Welsh leader (5)
- Lawless men a Greek character reprimands (5)
- Excellent over fruit? No, quite the opposite! (7)
- Eat greedily and possibly go green (7)
- To agree unreservedly (7)
- Suppress it when there's a child around (3-2)
- A way to catch female duck (5)

Solution tomorrow

Monday May 5 1998

the secret history of...

Ice cream Labour

62 with Europe

Critic Mid E

Last-ditch break dead

H

Unabom

Christopher Reed Los Angeles

T

Inside